This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Malone
D. 31.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VI.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Chambers's Household Edition of the

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY

R. CARRUTHERS

AND

W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY KEELEY HALSWELLE.

VOL. VI.

W. & R. CHAMBERS,
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
1862.

Digitized by Google

Edinburgh :
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF VOL. VI.

KING HENRY VI., PART II.

KING HENRY VI., PART III.

KING RICHARD III.

KING HENRY VIII.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VI., PART II.

THE history of the reign of Henry VI. is continued in this Second Part for a further period of ten years. It opens with the marriage of Henry to Margaret, the daughter of Reignier or Renè, the titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem—a poor monarch,

> 'whose large style
> Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.'

The marriage was solemnised in May 1445, and as the territories of Maine and Anjou—'the keys of Normandy'—were, by the matrimonial treaty, ceded to Margaret's uncle, the event was highly unpopular with the English nation, and formed one of the articles of impeachment against Suffolk, who negotiated the marriage. The speech of Gloster, 'good Duke Humphrey,' against the cession of these French provinces, is one of the most animated and national addresses in this play. The dramatist includes most of the leading events from the period of the marriage down to the battle of St Alban's in May 1455, but neither chronological order nor historical accuracy was then much regarded by chronicler or dramatic writer. The memorable trial of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster, for imputed sorcery, is placed after the royal marriage, though it occurred nearly four years before it; and the circumstances attending the death of Cardinal Beaufort—that scene of solemn and thrilling interest in the play—and the murders of Duke Humphrey and Suffolk, cannot be reconciled with any authentic annals. A still wider departure from history is the introduction of Richard Plantagenet at the battle of St Alban's. The 'bristled boar' was then an infant, about three years old, yet the dramatist makes him fight

Digitized by Google

gallantly and thrice save the life of that 'winter lion,' the old Earl of Salisbury. The play, however, conveys a true and vivid impression of the rival factions and their leaders—of Gloster, Warwick, Beaufort, and Suffolk; of the vaulting ambition of the Duke of York, at length crowned with success; and the fierce insurrection headed by Jack Cade, which is enlivened by masterly touches of humour and political satire. The character of Margaret of Anjou—fascinating, yet fiery, vindictive, bold and imperious—contrasts well with that of the 'meek usurper,' her husband; and in the end we have the note of war—the triumph of the Yorkists over the Lancastrians—'the first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel which,' says Hume, 'was not finished in less than a course of thirty years, which was signalised by twelve pitched battles, which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty, is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England.' Such were the wars of the White and Red Roses, which Shakespeare, more than any historian, has rendered familiar to generations of his countrymen. The Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.* are alterations of two old plays: *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, &c., and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of the good King Henry the Sixth*, &c. Both plays are evidently written by the same author or authors, the second being a sequel to the first. *The Contention* was first printed in 1594, having previously, on the 12th of March 1593-1594, been entered in the Stationers' Registers. A second edition appeared in 1600. Neither of these had the author's name, but about the year 1619 the same bookseller printed a new edition of the First and what he called the Second Part of *The Contention*, with the name of 'William Shakespeare, Gent.,' on the title-page. This third edition of the play of 1594 had undergone revision, or been printed from a different manuscript; and in 1623, when again issued by Heminge and Condell as part of Shakespeare's works, it presented still further and more extensive alterations. Some of these we have

Digitized by Google

pointed out in the Notes to this play. In the additions, we have lines bearing the undoubted Shakespeare stamp—as the noble sentiment

'Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.'

Also the short speech of King Henry, containing the oft-quoted line:

'Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just.'

And the striking descriptive passage introduced at the opening of the Fourth Act:

'The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,' &c.

The appearance of the murdered Gloster, and the death-scene of the cardinal, also received emendations such as only Shakespeare could have given. A few other passages seem unnecessarily lengthened, and the speech put into the mouth of Iden after slaying Jack Cade is a positive blemish. The general conduct of the story, and the historical blunders of the old play, are left untouched; and it is a fair inference that if Shakespeare had written the first sketches of *The Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, he would have avoided some of the grosser anachronisms and errors of the old copies. *The Contention*, as we have seen, was twice amended—between 1600 and 1619, and again between 1619 and 1623. There was in all probability a still earlier alteration, before 1592, when Greene accused Shakespeare of being an 'absolute *Johannes Fac-totum* in his own conceit,' and an 'upstart crow beautified with our feathers.' In this angry complaint, Greene, we have no doubt, referred to the old plays on which the Three Parts of Henry VI. are founded, and in which he, with Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele, may have had some share. Scenes and passages in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy* are, however, far above the mark of Greene, Lodge, or Peele. Malone supposed that Marlowe had written these plays, and he has been followed by Mr Dyce. Mr Charles Knight, on the other hand, contends that Shakespeare was author of the first imperfect drafts as well as of the amended copies—a position which appears to us

Digitized by Google

untenable. It is much more likely that 'the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietors of the older plays, and that he made alterations and added to them when necessary.' (Halliwell.) Some of these alterations we conceive to have been made before September 1592, when Greene wrote his tract, *A Groatsworth of Wit*. Though a feeble dramatist, Greene was a fluent and occasionally elegant writer. A contemporary, Chettle, styles him 'the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country' —a not very appropriate description, but which shews that Shakespeare's comedies had not then appeared. Nash says he was 'chief agent for the company'—the company by which *The Contention* and *True Tragedy* were performed—and that he wrote 'more than four others.' A certain 'R. B., Gent.,' in a poem called *Greene's Funeralls*, 1594, has a string of conceits ending with an allusion evidently pointing at Shakespeare:

> 'Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;
> Greene pleas'd the eyes of all that look'd upon him;
> Greene is the ground of every painter's dye—
> Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him:
> Nay more, the men that so eclips'd his fame,
> Purloin'd his plumes—can they deny the same?'

It would appear, therefore, that prior to 1592, when in his twenty-eighth year, Shakespeare had, like Ben Jonson, Dekker, and other dramatists, been engaged in remodelling, amplifying, and correcting the works of older and inferior writers, and that some of the 'feathers' of the unhappy Robert Greene had assisted his first historical flights. We know that in the full maturity of his genius he did not disdain to copy from novels by Lodge and Greene.*

'The short scene [Act III. sc. 3] where Cardinal Beaufort, who is tormented by his conscience on account of the murder of Gloster, is visited on his death-bed by Henry VI., is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn

* See *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

Digitized by Google

aside the curtain of eternity at the close of life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion; a blessing and a curse stand side by side; the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labours to enter into his soul. The adulterous passion of Queen Margaret and Suffolk is invested with tragical dignity, and all low and ignoble ideas carefully kept out of sight. Without attempting to gloss over the crime of which both are guilty, without seeking to remove our disapprobation of this criminal love, he still, by the magic force of expression, contrives to excite in us a sympathy with their sorrow. In the insurrection of Cade, he has delineated the conduct of a popular demagogue, the fearful ludicrousness of the anarchical tumult of the people, with such convincing truth, that one would believe he was an eye-witness of many of the events of our age, which, from ignorance of history, have been considered as without example.'—SCHLEGEL.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the king.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
Young CLIFFORD, *his son.*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD SCALES, *governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea Captain, Master, *and* Master's Mate, *and* WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk.*
VAUX.
HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjuror.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer;* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St Albans.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor.* *Two* Murderers.
JACK CADE, *a rebel.*
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the weaver,* MICHAEL, *&c., his followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

MARGARET, *queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

A spirit.

SCENE.—IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* CARDINAL BEAUFORT; *on the other,* QUEEN MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

SUFFOLK. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Digitized by Google

Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefest sovereign,[1]
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And overjoy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*Kneeling.*] Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. —Item—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father'—

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*Reads.*] 'Item—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord Marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief;
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,

Digitized by Google

With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse—
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,

Digitized by Google

That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.
[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What, though the common people favour him,
Calling him—'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;'

Digitized by Google

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With—'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

[*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey.

Digitized by Google

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou were regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;

Digitized by Google

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* DUKE OF GLOSTER'S *House.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Digitized by Google

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Messenger.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

Digitized by Google

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there, Sir John?[2] nay, fear not, man.
We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;[3]
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjuror?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised—to shew your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I 'll think upon the questions:
When from St Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Digitized by Google

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say—A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, *and other petitioners.*

First Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the coil.[4]

Second Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man; bless him!

First Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN MARGARET.

Second Pet. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?

First Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Glancing at the superscriptions.*] 'To my Lord Protector!' are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

First Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Digitized by Google

Suf. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here! [*Reads.*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.'—How now, sir knave?

Second Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petitions.*

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone.

[*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:

Digitized by Google

But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonis'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,[5]
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,

Digitized by Google

And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denied the regentship.[6]
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And at his pleasure will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Digitized by Google

Since thou wert king (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*Gives the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman;
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now: her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,

Digitized by Google

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these—that Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought

Digitized by Google

any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords [*Holding up his hands*], he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset
We make your grace regent over the French.[7]

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.—*The same. The* DUKE OF GLOSTER'S *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit. But it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS, *above; and presently* HUME.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all.
To this gear—the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or* SOUTHWELL, *reads,* '*Conjuro te, &c.*' *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Digitized by Google

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—that I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answers.*

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.—
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their* Guards, *and others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldam, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

[*Shewing her the papers.*

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exeunt, above,* DUCHESS *and* HUME, *guarded.*

We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming:
All away!

[*Exeunt, below,* SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c., guarded.*

Digitized by Google

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
[*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
'Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards St Albans,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* Sir John Stanley, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.—*Act II. Sc. 4.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Saint Albans.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[1]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Digitized by Google

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal—how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
[*Aside to the* Cardinal.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
[*Aside.*
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
[*Aside.*
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.
[*Aside.*

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come, with thy two-hand sword.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.
[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, Uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, 'haughty' priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.
[*Aside.*

Car. Medice teipsum;
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
[*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman *of St Albans, crying 'A Miracle!'*[2]

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at St Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Digitized by Google

Enter the Mayor of St Albans, *and his brethren; and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his* Wife *and a multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said—'Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Digitized by Google

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Digitized by Google

Glo. My masters of St Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* '*A Miracle!*'

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

Digitized by Google

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurors:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby?

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands:
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,

Digitized by Google

To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster:
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret, where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

Digitized by Google

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence (from whose line
I claim the crown), had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence;
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot,[3] be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign,
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Digitized by Google

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpet sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*
From thence, unto the place of execution:

Digitized by Google

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS, *and the other prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere thou go
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,

Digitized by Google

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be—in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;*[4] *a drum before him: at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.*

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

Second Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[5]

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

Second Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—

Digitized by Google

Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learned so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow![6]

York. Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down* HORNER.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *in a white sheet,*[1] *with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks:
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!

Digitized by Google

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trowest thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Digitized by Google

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays:
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach—
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Digitized by Google

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare—
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet;
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.—*Act III. Sc.* 2.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,

Digitized by Google

That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars—
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk—Buckingham—and York—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,

Digitized by Google

Yet, by reputing of his high descent—
As, next the king, he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility—
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! These are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Digitized by Google

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.
[*Aside.*

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night—
Ay, night by night—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,

Digitized by Google

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,

Digitized by Google

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together.
(Myself had notice of your conventicles;)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—

Digitized by Google

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery—
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes

Digitized by Google

Look after him, and cannot do him good—
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—'Who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none.'
[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy:
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls—
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and were 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Digitized by Google

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock
(Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood),
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green there is great hope of help.

Digitized by Google

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,

Digitized by Google

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death—it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[1]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.

Digitized by Google

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,[2]
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will),
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Bury. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Second Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Digitized by Google

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone!
[*Exeunt* Murderers.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[*Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.[3]—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Digitized by Google

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The* KING *swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again:—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christianlike, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.

Digitized by Google

What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper—look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

Digitized by Google

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

Digitized by Google

War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[*The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and* GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is, to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face![4]
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;

Digitized by Google

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued:
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unblooded beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:

Digitized by Google

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, SOMERSET, *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
And never of the Nevils' noble race!

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Digitized by Google

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
[*Speaking to those within.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Digitized by Google

Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, *&c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Digitized by Google

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[5]
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings![6]
Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

Digitized by Google

To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
[*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,

Digitized by Google

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit* VAUX.

Ah me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears—
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Digitized by Google

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woefullest cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*London.* CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S *Bedchamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* CARDINAL *in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?—
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again? then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Digitized by Google

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign;[7] O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Kent. The Sea-shore, near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day[1]
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats—for die you shall.—
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

Digitized by Google

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
Second Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;
[*To* SUFFOLK.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George—I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.[2]
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gualtier, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Digitized by Google

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole!

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground:
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

Digitized by Google

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus.*[3]
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[4]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus:—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;

Digitized by Google

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *with* WHITMORE, *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First* Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II.—*Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Digitized by Google

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said—labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring-men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver—

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

[*Aside.*

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us,[6] inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet—

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife.

[*Aside.*

Digitized by Google

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

[*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

[*Aside.*

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small-beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king—as king I will be—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Digitized by Google

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjuror.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;[6]—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Digitized by Google

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: he shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter:—Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Digitized by Google

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself.
[*Aside.*
—Go to, sirrah. Tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason, for thereby is England mained,[7] and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath 'robbed' the commonwealth; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then. I ask but this—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons follow me.
Now shew yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Digitized by Google

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one, a week.[8]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*Putting on part of* SIR H. STAFFORD'S *armour*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *reading a supplication; the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and* LORD SAY, *with him: at a distance,* QUEEN MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade has sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,

Digitized by Google

Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord [*To* LORD SAY]; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

Enter Lord Scales, *and others on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself—
The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon Street.*

Enter Jack Cade, *and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.

[*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Digitized by Google

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but, first, go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

[*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

[*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens,[9] and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Digitized by Google

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this—'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civillest place of all this isle:[10]
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Digitized by Google

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof—

Cade. Tut! when struckest thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour—speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

Digitized by Google

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. [*Aside.*] Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye! [*Exeunt some, with* LORD SAY.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me: men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VIII.—*Southwark.*

Alarum. Enter CADE *and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish Street! down St Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD, *with forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me—I will make shift for one; and so—curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Digitized by Google

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Viliaco!*[11] unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude! The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—Have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers; we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IX.—*Killingworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S *followers, with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:

Digitized by Google

And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,[12]
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Kent.* IDEN'S *Garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me. But now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat

Digitized by Google

grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good:[13] for, many a time, but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants behind.*

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. [*Aside.*] Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes on mine,

Digitized by Google

See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, 'desperate' wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt,* IDEN *dragging out the body, and Servants.*

Digitized by Google

Re-enter rebels, with the heads of Lord Say *and his Son-in-law.—Act IV. Sc. 7.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The KING'S *camp on one side. On the other, enter* YORK *attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have—have I a soul—
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Digitized by Google

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
[*Aside.*

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
[*Aside.*

Buckingham, I prithee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

Digitized by Google

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's Field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Digitized by Google

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!
K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by Heaven thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

Digitized by Google

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
[*Pointing to his sons or to his troops without.*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!
See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Enter on one side, EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces; the other, with Forces also, old* CLIFFORD, *and his Son.*

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

Digitized by Google

York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,[1]
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old and want'st experience?

Digitized by Google

Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.
Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm),
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Digitized by Google

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bearward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Saint Albans.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit.*
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Digitized by Google

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—
York. A dreadful lay![2]—address thee instantly.
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres.

[*They fight,* CLIFFORD *falls, and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will!

[*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end!

[*Seeing his dead father.*

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Digitized by Google

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[3]
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),

Digitized by Google

We shall to London get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Albans.*

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury,[4] who can report of him?—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Digitized by Google

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternis'd in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI., PART II.

ACT I.

[1] *With you mine alder-liefest sovereign.* The obsolete expression 'alder-liefest,' signifying *dearest of all*, is found in Chaucer and other old writers. Chaucer has 'Mine alderlevest lord and brother dere.' The term is derived from the German *allerliebst*.

[2] *Where are you there, Sir John?* Hume, being a priest, is addressed as 'Sir,' the title given to the inferior clergy. He was one of the 'Pope's knights,' as they were sometimes called.

[3] *Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch.* In the tenth year of Henry VI., or 1432, Margery Jourdemayn, as appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, with two men (John Virley, clerk, and John Ashwell, friar), was brought from Windsor to be examined before the council at Westminster, on a charge of sorcery. She was discharged on her husband finding security. But she was afterwards convicted on a similar charge, and burned at Smithfield. See Act II. sc. 3.

[4] *Deliver our supplications in the coil;* that is, deliver them in the midst of the crowd and bustle caused by the presence of the Lord Protector. The original has *quill*, an easy misprint, as Mr Dyce has remarked, for 'coil,' often written 'quoil.'

[5] *She bears a duke's revenues on her back.* As connected with the question of the authorship of the plays from which *Henry VI.* was constructed, we may quote the following note from Dyce's *Marlowe*: 'While Shakespeare was remodelling *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedie*, he had sometimes in his recollection plays which we know for certain to be by Marlowe:

> "She bears a duke's revenues on her back."
>
> *Second Part of Henry VI.*
>
> "He wears a lord's revenue on his back."
>
> *Edward II.*
>
> "These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
> My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre."
>
> *Third Part of Henry VI.*
>
> "What sight is this! my Lodovico slain!
> These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre."
>
> *The Jew of Malta.*'

Digitized by Google

[6] *Let him be denied the regentship.* In the folio it is *denay'd*—an old form of the word.

[7] *K. Hen. Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset*
We make your grace regent over the French.

These two lines were inserted by Theobald from the old play, *The Contention.* Without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion, and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the king had deputed him to the office.

ACT II.

[1] *Flying at the brook;* that is, flying at water-fowl. This was the falconer's term for hawking, and in the old play there is a stage direction, 'Queen Margaret with her hawk on her fist.'

[2] '*A Miracle!*' This story of the miracle is taken from a narrative related by Sir Thomas More as he had heard it from his father. Hume thus condenses it: 'There was a man who pretended that though he was born blind, he had recovered his sight by touching the shrine at St Albans. The duke, happening soon after to pass that way, questioned the man, and, seeming to doubt of his sight, asked him the colours of several cloaks worn by persons in his retinue. The man told them very readily. "You are a knave," cried the prince; "had you been born blind, you could not so soon have learned to distinguish colours;" and immediately ordered him to be set in the stocks as an impostor.' The incident is in the old play, but Shakespeare added a few touches: one is characteristic of his 'gentle' nature:

'*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.'

[3] *And, in this private plot, be we the first*
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.

'Private plot' here signifies a private or sequestered spot of ground. Milton writes it *plat:*

'Oft on a plat of rising-ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound.'
Il Penseroso.

[4] *His staff with a sand-bag fastened to it.* In the combats of the chivalrous ages, while the knight fought with sword and lance, the yeoman wielded a staff or baton, to the end of which was fastened a bag of sand:

'Engag'd with money-bags as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old.'
Hudibras.

Digitized by Google

[5] *Here's a cup of charneco.* Charneco was a sweet wine made at a village of that name near Lisbon.

[6] *Have at thee with a downright blow!* In the original play, *The Contention*, Horner adds, 'as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.' Why Shakespeare omitted this allusion to the old romance, which heightens the ludicrousness of the plebeian combat, it is difficult to say.

[7] *Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, &c.* 'In that age the charge of sorcery was irresistible. It blasted all whom it touched, raising such a storm of indignation and abhorrence that no mind had calmness remaining to distinguish guilt from innocence, if such terms can properly be applied to this imaginary crime. It was the sharpest weapon of churchmen, who were thought most capable of discriminating and subduing the confederates of the infernal powers. An accusation of sorcery and treason was brought against Eleanor Cobham, the wife or concubine of Gloucester. She was charged with having framed a waxen statue of the king, whom she was slowly to torture and finally to destroy, by such applications to this image, as, according to the first principles of necromancy, would become painful and fatal inflictions on the royal person. An ecclesiastic named Bolingbroke, her husband's secretary, Hum [the Sir John Hume of the play] her chaplain, and Southwell, a canon of St Stephen's Chapel at Westminster, were of most repute for knowledge of any in their time, and were convicted with her of the same composition of necromancy and treason. One suffered public execution, two died secretly and suddenly in prison. Eleanor herself, on the 13th of November 1441, was brought from Westminster by water and landed at the Temple bridge, from whence, with a taper of wax of two pounds weight in her hand, she went through Fleet Street, "hoodless, save a kerchief, to St Paul's, where she offered her taper." On two other days in the same week she was landed at Queenhithe and in Thames Street, whence she made the like penitential procession to other shrines in the city; at all which times the mayor, sheriffs, and crafts of London received and accompanied her: the march, doubtless, preserved the show of voluntary penitence; and the exposure of the king's aunt was softened by some tokens of her royal connection. She was afterwards committed to the custody of Sir John Stanley, comptroller of the household: a chronicler describes her to have been sent by him "to dwell an outlaw in the wilds of the Isle of Man." But by the more credible testimony of records, it appears that she had been committed a prisoner to his castle of Chester, whence she is traced to Kenilworth [anciently, as in the play, Killingworth], where she disappears from history.'—SIR J. MACKINTOSH, *History of England.*

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

[1] *Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.* 'Flaw' here signifies a sudden violent gust of wind. See *Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 1.

[2] *Caper upright like a wild Morisco.* The Morisco or Moorish dance is, according to Douce, the Spanish fandango. 'The Spanish morris was danced at puppet-shows by a person habited like a Moor, with castanets; and Junius [Du Jon] has informed us that the morris-dancers usually blackened their faces with soot, that they might better pass for Moors.' The country parishes in England had their morris bells and dances on festival-days.

[3] '*I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.*' In the folio, 'I thank thee, *Nell.*' In the same scene, 'Eleanor' is thrice put for 'Margaret.'

[4] *See, how the blood is settled in his face!* Johnson calls this passage 'a horrible description, which is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakespeare's.' Compare it with the corresponding passage in the old play:

> 'Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
> Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodless;
> But, lo! the blood is settled in his face,
> More better-colour'd than when he liv'd;
> His well-proportion'd beard made rough and stern,
> His fingers spread abroad as one that grasp'd for life,
> Yet was by strength surpris'd:—the least of these are probable;
> It cannot choose but he was murdered.'
>
> *The First Part of the Contention.*

[5] *The mandrake's groan.* For an account of this plant, see note to *King Henry IV., Part II.* Reed illustrated the text by an apt quotation from Bulleine's *Bulwark of Defence against Sickness*, 1579. 'They do affirm that this herb cometh of the seed of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some living thing it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dog or other living beast to the root thereof with a cord, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meantime stopped their own ears for fear of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrake. In which cry it doth not only die itself, but the fear thereof killeth the dog or beast which pulleth it out of the earth.'

[6] *Murdering basilisks—lizards' stings.* The fabulous powers ascribed to the basilisk or cockatrice—the king of serpents—are well known. Shakespeare has also alluded to the murderous glance of the reptile (*Richard III.* Act I. sc. 2). The lizards' stings are equally fabulous. The

Digitized by Google

lizard has no sting, but its forked tongue may have induced the belief that it was venomous.

[7] *He dies, and makes no sign.* On this celebrated scene representing the death of Cardinal Beaufort, Johnson has one of his characteristic notes. 'This,' he says, 'is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.' In *The First Part of the Contention*, the scene is as follows (divested of the uncouth spelling):

'*Enter* KING *and* SALISBURY, *and then the curtains be drawn, and the* CARDINAL *is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.*

Car. Oh, Death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,
I 'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.
King. Oh, see, my Lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.
Car. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison
Which the 'pothecary sent me.
Oh, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face!—Look, look! comb down his hair:—
So now he 's gone again: Oh, oh, oh!
King. Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand and make some sign to us.
[*The* CARDINAL *dies.*
Oh see, he dies and makes no sign at all:
Oh, God forgive his soul!
Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death so was his life in all.
King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear;
For God will judge us all.—Go take him hence,
And see his funerals be performed.'

If this was not written by Shakespeare it must have been by Marlowe. Historically, the appalling scene is purely imaginary. The cardinal, worn out with more than fourscore years, died calmly surrounded by his clergy.

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

[1] *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day.* 'The epithet "blabbing" applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day.'—JOHNSON.

[2] *Whit. My name is Walter Whitmore. . . .*
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by 'Water' I should die.

This play upon words shews that, in Shakespeare's time, *Walter* and *water* were pronounced alike. So late as the Georgian period we find Pope writing both *Walter* and *Waters* as the surname of Peter Walter, the original of Peter Pounce in *Joseph Andrews*. In the above scene the dramatist has '*Affy* a mighty lord,' an old expression for *betroth*.

[3] *Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,*
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'

The device of Edward III. was the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.

[4] *Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.* This, according to Mr Dyce, is a corruption derived from the faulty reading in Cicero, *De Off.*, ii. 11. 'Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum,' &c. The true name is Bardylis, or Bardyllis. Two translations of the Offices existed in Shakespeare's time; and in the latest of these, by Nicholas Grimoald, about 1556, we have 'Bargulus the Illyrian robber.' Shakespeare substituted the allusion to Bargulus for another hero in the old play, '*Abradas*, the great Macedonian pirate.' Who Abradas was, does not anywhere appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in *Penelope's Web*, 1588, a tract written by Greene: 'Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sails in the ocean.'—HALLIWELL. This circumstance, though trifling, connects Greene with the old play, *The First Part of the Contention*, on which this drama is founded.—For 'Bezonians,' a term of contempt used in this scene, see *Henry IV., Part II.*, Act V. sc. 3.

[5] *John Cade, so termed of our supposed father . . . . for our enemies shall fall before us.* Cade, from *cado*, Lat., to fall. As Johnson remarks, 'Cade has too much learning for his character.' A *cade* of herrings, mentioned in the same scene, was a small cask or barrel,

Digitized by Google

containing five hundred herrings. *The Contention* gives the allusion thus:

> '*Cade.* I, John Cade, so named for my valiancy.
> *Dick.* Or rather for stealing a cade of sprats.'

[6] *Emmanuel—they use to write it on the top of letters.* For an instance of this, see a letter of Speed the historian to Sir Robert Cotton, published in *Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, Camden Society's Publications, 1843.

[7] *Selling the dukedom of Maine . . . . thereby is England mained.* 'To main, to lame.'—HUNTER'S *Hallamshire Glossary.* The word is usually altered to *maimed*, but the original having the same meaning, the repetition or quibble is characteristic of the poet.

[8] *Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one, a week.* Malone added, from *The Contention*, the words 'a week.' By the statute 5 Eliz., cap. 5, butchers were prohibited, under a penalty of three pounds, or three months' imprisonment, from selling meat during Lent, except by special licence. Thirty years later, the penalty was reduced to one-third of the above, and no later statute revived the unpopular subject.

[9] *One-and-twenty fifteens.* A 'fifteen' was the fifteenth part of all the movables or personal property of the people.

[10] *Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,*
Is term'd the civillest place of all this isle.

The eulogium of the great Roman was thus 'Englished' by Arthur Golding in 1565: 'Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civillest are the Kentish folk.'

[11] *Crying—'Viliaco!'* that is, scoundrel or rascal. Ben Jonson has '*Now out, base* Viliaco!'—*Every Man Out of his Humour*, Act V. sc. 3.

[12] *Gallowglasses and stout kernes.* Two orders of Irish foot-soldiers: the former heavily armed with axe, &c.; the latter wielding as his principal weapon a lance. Both are again referred to in *Macbeth*, and the kernes are mentioned in several of Shakespeare's dramas.

[13] *This word sallet.* The poet here repeats an old quibble on sallet, a helmet, and salad, a compound of herbs.

ACT V.

[1] *My two brave bears . . . . Salisbury and Warwick.* The allusion here is to the bear and ragged staff, the famous cognizance of the Nevilles, Earls of Warwick.

[2] *A dreadful lay!*—a dreadful wager; fearful odds. In this contest, the dramatist makes Clifford fall by the hand of the Duke of York—a

Digitized by Google

departure from history; and, singularly enough, the event is correctly stated in the first scene of the next part, the Third, of *King Henry VI.* Northumberland, Clifford, and Stafford, all a-breast, 'were by the swords of common soldiers slain.'

[3] *The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset*
Hath made the wizard famous.

For the wizard's prophecy, 'Let him shun castles,' &c., see *ante*, Act I. sc. 4.

[4] *Old Salisbury.* The folio has 'Of Salisbury, who can report of him?' Mr Collier's MS. corrector substituted 'Old.'

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VI., PART III.

THE reign of Henry VI. is concluded in this drama, the action or series of events extending over sixteen years. It opens with the parliament held in June 1455, immediately after the battle at St Albans, in which the Lancastrians were defeated. The poet makes the imbecile Henry appoint his rival the Duke of York heir to the crown of England, on condition that he should cease from war and return to loyal obedience; and the duke having given his assent and sworn fidelity, 'York and Lancaster are reconciled.' The haughty spirit of Queen Margaret, however, resents the abject surrender, which would have disinherited her son Prince Edward; and raising a powerful army in the north, she defeats the Yorkists and slays the duke—the Amazonian queen herself assisting to stab him, after taunting him in cruel mockery and crowning him with a paper diadem:

> 'Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
> So York may overlook the town of York.'

All this is characteristic of the fierce vindictive queen, and dramatic effect is combined with general historic truth. In reality, however, the parliament of June 1455 was only signalised by King Henry granting a pardon to the Yorkists. In November following, the duke was elected Protector, and in a few months afterwards the king was able to resume his authority, or rather the sceptre was transferred to the vigorous hands of the queen, York offering no resistance. For three years the rival factions were at rest, and the occasion of the renewal of civil war was the treachery of Margaret, who endeavoured to lure the Duke of York and the Nevilles into Warwickshire on purpose to destroy

Digitized by Google

them. Then followed the fierce conflicts of the nobles and the sanguinary battles depicted by the dramatist, and which are very imperfectly related by historians. 'The nature of the civil war itself, which was merely personal,' says Mackintosh; 'the multiplicity of its obscure and confused incidents; the frequent instances of success without ability, and of calamity befalling the unknown and uninteresting; the monotonous cruelty of every party, which robbed horror itself of its sway over the soul; together with the unsafe and unsteady position of most individuals, which repressed the cultivation of every province of literature, more especially repelled men of letters from relating the inglorious misfortunes of themselves and of their country. More obvious causes contributed towards the same effect. The general war often broke out in local eruptions and provincial commotions, which no memory could follow.' Amidst these confused and traditionary events the dramatist was free to choose, and he seized upon the most striking and prominent. The death of York called forth the martial spirit of his son Edward, now representative of the House of York; and having defeated the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross (February 2, 1461), he fought his way to London, where his family was always popular, and was proclaimed king by the style of Edward IV. One other great contest was yet to ensue. The rival armies met at Towton, near York—the Lancastrians numbering about 60,000 men, and Edward's forces about 40,000—and after three days' fighting, during which no quarter was given, and in which 37,000 Englishmen are said to have fallen, the Yorkists were victorious, and Margaret, with Henry and the Prince, fled towards Scotland. Shakespeare has finely relieved the horrors of this conflict, and developed the character of the fallen monarch by the soliloquy of Henry:

> 'This battle fares like to the morning's war,
> When dying clouds contend with growing light.'

The queen and Clifford had removed him from the battle-field, and sitting on a mole-hill, Henry sighed for the simple and

Digitized by Google

peaceful life of a 'homely swain.' On Edward's return to London after the victory of Towton, he was crowned king (June 22, 1461), and the dramatist then introduces Edward's courtship and marriage with the Lady Elizabeth Grey. The Duke of Gloster (afterwards Richard III.) is also brought on the scene, and in his speech,

'Ay, Edward will use women honourably,'

we have the germ of Richard's character—subtle, bold, and ambitious, and with a vein of malignant humour and sarcasm, as if he would revenge on the world the stigma of his own deformity. The character is ably sketched in the old play, Shakespeare's model, but the great dramatist afterwards rendered it one of his most finished portraits. The remaining incidents of the play are all historical. We have the defection of Warwick the king-maker from the cause of Edward, and his reconciliation with Margaret, who, ever resolute and aspiring, still struggled to uphold her banner of the Red Rose. It triumphed in a second contest at Barnet (where Warwick was slain), but it fell for ever on the field of Tewkesbury. Edward then entered London (May 21, 1471) at the head of an army of 30,000 men, and on the following morning King Henry was found dead in the Tower. The dramatist unhesitatingly assumes that Henry was murdered by Richard Duke of Gloster; and this appears to have been the common belief, although the fact wants confirmation, and certainly was not called for by any measure of policy. The play closes with the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards the boy-king Edward V., whose reign began and ended in his fourteenth year, and who was born November 4, 1471.

Shakespeare's drama was first printed in the folio of 1623. It is an alteration of an older performance, entitled *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of Good King Henry VI., with the whole Contention between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York, as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his Servants*, 1595. The dramatis personæ in this old play, the incidents, and several

Digitized by Google

of the speeches, are the same as in Shakespeare, while others contained in it were rejected by the great dramatist. Malone came to the conclusion, that it was written by Marlowe: Mr Dyce concurs in this opinion, but Mr Collier would assign it to Greene, and Mr Charles Knight considers both the *True Tragedy* and its predecessor, *The First Part of the Contention*, to be first drafts from Shakespeare's own pen. Mr Halliwell conjectures that when these old plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals; and this would explain the circumstance that passages in them seem above the powers (at least the taste) even of Marlowe. The accusation of Greene is so direct and specific (see Memoir of Shakespeare, and Introduction to *King Henry VI., Part II.*), and the instances of resemblance between passages of Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* and the undoubted works of Marlowe and Greene are so obvious, as to warrant the belief that both of these dramatists had shares in the original composition. Mr Hallam thinks that even in their amended state, with the poet's latest revision, the plays can claim but a low rank among the works of Shakespeare, although his original portion is not inconsiderable. Detached passages, however, are quite worthy of his genius; and in his delineation of Henry VI., and the early ambition and malignity of Richard Duke of Gloster, we see the hand of the master. 'The characters and situations of Richard II. and Henry VI.,' says Hazlitt, 'were so nearly alike, that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespeare.' And weak and wavering as Henry is, the poet has saved him from the world's contempt.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
LEWIS XI. *king of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards* KING EDWARD IV.,
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards* DUKE OF CLARENCE,
RICHARD, *afterwards* DUKE OF GLOSTER,
} *his sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} *uncles to the Duke of York.*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor *to Rutland.* Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. *A* Nobleman.
Two Keepers. *A* Huntsman.
A Son *that has killed his* Father.
A Father *that has killed his* Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards* QUEEN TO EDWARD IV.
BONA, *sister to the French queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE.—DURING PART OF THE THIRD ACT, IN FRANCE; DURING THE REST OF THE PLAY, IN ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Clif. I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.—*Act I. Sc.* 3.

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. The Parliament House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK'S *party break in. Then enter the* DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

WAR. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,

Digitized by Google

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Shewing his bloody sword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
[*To* YORK, *shewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the* DUKE OF SOMERSET'S *head.*
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close!
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
[*The soldiers retire.*
York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

Digitized by Google

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

Digitized by Google

To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the* Duke.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee Duke of York.

York. It was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Digitized by Google

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March;
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother [*To* YORK], as thou lov'st and honourest arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
[*Aside.*
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Digitized by Google

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him. [*Aside.*
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my lifetime, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the throne.*
War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. The lords come forward.*

Digitized by Google

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger: I'll steal away.

[*Going.*

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood—
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

Digitized by Google

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is make protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have foresworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son![1]

Digitized by Google

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,

Digitized by Google

That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.[2]

But, stay: what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Digitized by Google

Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN *and* SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. *Enter* RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Digitized by Google

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I 'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Digitized by Google

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof—sith God is just—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[Clifford *stabs him.*
Rut. Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ![3]
[*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field;
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried—'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Digitized by Google

Richard cried—'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried—'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again;[4] as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with overmatching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford—rough Northumberland—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;

Digitized by Google

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

Digitized by Google

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,[5]
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Digitized by Google

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide![6]
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

Digitized by Google

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say—'Alas it was a piteous deed!'—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
[*Giving back the paper crown.*
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[*Dies.*
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Forces, marching.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs—
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?[1]

Digitized by Google

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[2]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite;

Digitized by Google

Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

Digitized by Google

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,[3]
March'd towards St Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make—we at St Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,

Digitized by Google

Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not;
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Digitized by Google

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Digitized by Google

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds),
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up, drums:—God and St George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors; let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

Digitized by Google

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away!'
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousandfold more care to keep,

Digitized by Google

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.[5]
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson—draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign[6] your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, 'Saint George!'

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at St Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,[7]
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea),
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.[8]
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But when he took a beggar to his bed,

Digitized by Google

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between* Towton *and* Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forespent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Digitized by Google

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings:
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried—
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far—
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

Digitized by Google

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may hope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Foreslow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

Digitized by Google

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better; then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:

Digitized by Google

How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:[9]
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his* Father, *bringing in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,

Digitized by Google

May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *who has killed his* Son, *with the body in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

Digitized by Google

O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee,[10] having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Digitized by Google

Alarums: Excursions. *Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

A loud alarum. *Enter* CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out—ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee:
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies:[11]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,

Digitized by Google

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms—split my breast.

[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good-fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Digitized by Google

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring—
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:

Digitized by Google

I know by that he 's dead ; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he 's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen :
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation ;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster ;
And George, of Clarence ; Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence ; George, of Gloster ;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.[12]

War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation ;
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable.—*Act III. Sc.* 2.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the north of England.*

Enter two Keepers,[1] *with cross-bows in their hands.*

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this lawn anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Second Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Second Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Digitized by Google

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:[2]
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Second Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;

Digitized by Google

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more ;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn !

Second Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :
A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

Second Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that 's enough.

Second Keep. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Second Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us : for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

Second Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of England ?

Second Keep. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father and my grandfather were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

First Keep. No ;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Yea! is it so? I see the lady hath to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
[*Aside.*

Glo. Silence!
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not unless she chance to fall.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.
[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[*Aside, and retires with* CLARENCE.

K. Edw. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command that rests in me to do.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
[*Aside.*
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request:
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*

Digitized by Google

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable.
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

[*Aside.*

Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And I, 'though' being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift!

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried),
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll deck my body in gay ornaments,

Digitized by Google

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile:
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

Digitized by Google

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*France. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French king, and* LADY BONA, *attended; the* KING *takes his state. Then enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD *her son, and the* EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[*Rising.*
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*

Digitized by Google

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this, my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state.* QUEEN MARGARET *rises.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

Digitized by Google

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam [*To* BONA], in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,

Digitized by Google

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Digitized by Google

K. Lew. Then further—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess [*To* WARWICK], that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,

Digitized by Google

You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague;—
These from our king unto your majesty;—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*To* MARGARET. *They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Digitized by Google

Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

Digitized by Google

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past—go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward: begone.

[*Exit* Messenger.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

Digitized by Google

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?[3]
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended;* LADY GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Digitized by Google

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And shall have your will, because our king:[1]
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I: no.
God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen:
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion, that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

Digitized by Google

And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:

Digitized by Google

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news from France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:

Digitized by Google

They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo. Not I.
My thoughts aim at a further matter;
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.

Digitized by Google

You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry 'Henry!'*
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and St George!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S *Camp near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* KING'S *tent.*

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?
First Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
Second Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Digitized by Google

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Sec. Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all—'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—'Arm! Arm!'* WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in a gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *are seen flying.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here is the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Digitized by Google

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him:
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit* KING EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd-battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Digitized by Google

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith),
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,

Digitized by Google

Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a* Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Digitized by Google

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[2]
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be bless'd in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.
K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;

Digitized by Google

While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.[3]
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, *and Attendants.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, *and* Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
[*Aside.*

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

Digitized by Google

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exit, with* Aldermen, *above.*
Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.[4]
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight if you pretend no title?

Digitized by Google

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] 'Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,' &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.
If fortune serve me I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VIII.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.[5]

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shall stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand*] I seal my truth and bid adieu.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, *and* MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

Digitized by Google

The sun shines hot, and if we use delay
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Coventry.*

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates—
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee—
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?—
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence—
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down—
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?—
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck! [1]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

Digitized by Google

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood—
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.

Digitized by Google

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*[2]
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad),
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King Edward, *bringing in* Warwick, *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.[3]
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Digitized by Google

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,[4]
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. *Enter* KING EDWARD, *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Digitized by Google

Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,[5]
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way:
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry, Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. *Enter* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

Digitized by Google

Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say, Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And Somerset another goodly mast ?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep ;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit ?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock ?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim ; alas ! 'tis but a while :
Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish—that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here :
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Lest in our need he might infect another,

Digitized by Google

And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid !—
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset ;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceiv'd ; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,

Digitized by Google

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasures spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight!

[*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.[6]
[*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall.
[*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower!
[*Exit.*
Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

Digitized by Google

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit, led out.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

Digitized by Google

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand; the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say, rather:
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit* Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Digitized by Google

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,[7]
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest deformed lump,[8]
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—die, prophet, in thy speech:[9]
[*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Digitized by Google

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither[10]—
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne;* QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with the infant* PRINCE, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—All hail! whenas he meant all harm.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI., PART III.

ACT I.

[1] *And, like an empty eagle,*
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.

The word 'tire' as here used has become obsolete. It signifies to tear and rend in pieces—to prey upon as a bird.

> 'O how this vulture, vile ambition,
> Tires on the heart of greatness, and devours.'
>
> *Histriomastix*, 1610.

[2] *Enter a Messenger.* In the folio, the direction is 'Enter *Gabriel*,' which Mr Collier conjectures to have been the Christian name of the actor who performed the part. There was a player of the name of Gabriel Spencer killed by Ben Jonson in a duel in 1598.

[3] *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* This line is in Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon. I have met with the same quotation in more than one of the old plays.—STEEVENS. It was also used by Nash (1596) in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden.*

[4] *We bodg'd again.* Shakespeare nowhere else uses the word 'bodg'd,' and it has been considered a misprint for *botch'd*, the meaning being the same. The word, however, was occasionally written and printed as in the text. Mr Staunton mentions that in Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598, *sbozzi* is translated 'bodges or bunger-like [bungled] workes.'

[5] *And will you pale your head in Henry's glory.* The old play, more intelligibly though less metrically, reads,

> 'And will you impale your head with Henry's glory.'

[6] *O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!* This is the famous line parodied by Greene, and which Shakespeare took verbatim from the old play. We may here reprint Greene's charge against Shakespeare. Addressing Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and speaking of the players, he says: 'Trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our

Digitized by Google

feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country.' Here is a manifest allusion to Shakespeare; and it would seem by the expression 'beautified with our feathers,' that he had remodelled certain pieces, in the composition of which Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele had been either separately or jointly concerned.—DYCE. The line parodied is introduced, as Hallam says, to hint the particular plagiarism that prompts the complaint of Greene.

ACT II.

[1] *Do I see three suns?* This fine descriptive passage was suggested by Holinshed: 'At which time the sun, as some write, appeared to the Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.) like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one, upon which sight he took such courage, that he, fiercely setting on his enemies, put them to flight; and for this cause men imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his badge or cognizance.'

[2] *Blazing by our meeds;* that is, by our merits or deserts. Johnson says it might be plausibly read 'blazing by our *deeds*,' but in at least a dozen passages Shakespeare uses 'meeds' as in the above line.

[3] *And very well appointed, as I thought.* Steevens introduced this line from the old quarto. It seems necessary towards completing the narrative, and its omission was probably accidental.

[4] *And happy always was it for that son*
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell.

A proverbial expression. 'It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goeth to the devil: meaning by this allegorical kind of speech, that such fathers as seek to enrich their sons by covetous-ness, by bribery, purloining, or by any other sinister means, suffer not only affliction of mind, as grieved with insatiety of getting, but with danger of soul, as a just reward for such wretchedness.'—GREENE'S *Royal Exchange*, 1599.

[5] *This soft courage makes your followers faint.* Mason, Collier, and Singer would read *'faint carriage'*—a more appropriate expression—especially as in the previous line the queen had enjoined Henry to cheer up his *spirits*. But 'courage,' as Upton remarked, occasionally signified heart, spirit, or mind. Spenser has '*coward* courage.'

[6] *Darraign your battle;* that is, range your host. Chaucer has 'darreine the bataille in the field,' which Tyrrwhit explains—'Darreine,

Digitized by Google

Fr. *Desrener*, Lat. *Derationare*, to contest.' It may be considered characteristic of Shakespeare, that he substituted this expression for the 'Prepare your battle' of the old play.

[7] *Misshapen stigmatic;* branded or marked with a stigma. See *King Henry VI., Part II.*, Act V. sc. 1.

[8] *A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,*
To make this shameless callet know herself.

To be crowned with a wisp of straw was a punishment inflicted on scolds or 'callets;' that is, drabs. See *Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. 3.

[9] *So many months ere I shall shear the fleece.* In the folio, it is 'so many *years*'—a blunder not likely to have been committed by so good a naturalist as the poet. Rowe first altered *years* to *months*.

[10] *E'en for the loss of thee.* In the folio, '*Men* for the loss of thee,' which is an evident misprint. Rowe proposed *sad*, Capell *even*, and Mr Dyce *e'en*.

[11] *The common people swarm like summer flies.* This was another line inserted by Theobald from the old play, as rendered necessary by the context. The distribution of some of the speeches in this part of the drama, being inaccurate in the folio, was also rectified.

[12] *Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.* Three Dukes of Gloster had perished miserably—Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodcock (son to Edward III.), and Duke Humphrey. 'And after them,' adds Hall the chronicler, 'King Richard III., also Duke of Gloster, in civil war was slain and confounded; so that this name of Gloster is taken for an unhappy and unfortunate style, as the proverb speaketh of Sejanus' horse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to misery.'

ACT III.

[1] *Enter two Keepers.* The folio has 'Enter *Sinklo and Humphrey*,' and the same names are prefixed to the speeches of the Keepers. We have had *Sinklo* before in the *Taming of the Shrew*. He was an inferior performer. *Humphrey* is supposed by Mr Collier to have been Humphrey Jeffes, whose death is recorded ('Humphrie Jeffes, plaier') in the register of St Giles's, Cripplegate, in 1618.

[2] *Let me embrace these sour adversities.* This is the reading of Pope, now universally adopted. The folio has '*sower adversaries*.' Several other small corrections have been made in this and the following scene.

[3] *Had he none else to make a stale but me?* The term 'stale'—a decoy, a pretence, or stalking-horse—has been frequently used by Shakespeare.

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

[1] *And shall have your will, because our king.* Rowe completed the quantity of this line by inserting *you*—'And *you* shall have,' &c. But the text is more forcible without the addition, and if 'shall' is pronounced slowly and emphatically, the absence of the missing monosyllable will not be felt.

[2] *For few men rightly temper with the stars.* Few men conform their temper or mind to their destiny. The expression seems eminently Shakespearean.

[3] *This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.* He was afterwards Henry VII.—a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakespeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited.—JOHNSON. The poet, however, only followed the old play, 'Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss.'

[4] *A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.* The folio reads '*soon persuaded.*' Pope's fine ear detected the want of harmony, and made the necessary transposition.

[5] *Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.* In the folio, this line is assigned to the king, to whose character it is wholly unsuitable, and who had previously resigned the government.

ACT V.

[1] *But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,*
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!

A pack of cards was formerly termed a *deck* of cards:

'Well, if I chance but once to get the deck,
To deal about and shuffle as I would.'
Selimus, emperor of the Turks, 1594.

[2] *Taking the red rose out of his hat.* This stage direction is from the old play. The folio omits it, but it is necessary to render intelligible the line, 'Look, here I throw my infamy at thee!'

[3] *Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.* The term 'bug' was synonymous with our *bugbear*. We have the word in *Cymbeline* and the *Taming of the Shrew*, and in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, &c.

[4] *Which sounded like a cannon in a vault.* The old play has *clamour* instead of 'cannon,' and Warburton considered it to be the right reading. He has not, however, been followed by subsequent commentators.

[5] *Those powers that the queen*
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast.

This omission of the preposition *at* before 'arriv'd' is sanctioned, as

Digitized by Google

Steevens shewed, by the later authority of Milton: 'Ere he arrive the happy isle.'—*Paradise Lost*. And also in passages of Milton's prose works.

[6] *Take that, the likeness of this railer here.* Gloster refers to the prince's mother, the queen, whom he resembled.

[7] *The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top.* The true reading here, as Johnson suggested, would seem to be *rock'd* instead of 'rook'd;' but Steevens says that *to rook*, or *to ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to squat down or lodge on anything.

[8] *An indigest deformed lump.* The folio has *indigested*. Malone made the slight alteration, which restores the metrical harmony of the verse.

[9] *Die, prophet, in thy speech.* In ascribing the death of Henry VI. to Gloster, Shakespeare followed the old play. But Fabian also says, 'the common fame went' that the king 'was sticked with a dagger by the hands of the Duke of Gloster.' The monk of Croyland, a contemporary, hints that the king was murdered.

[10] *What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
* * * * *
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

This speech of Richard is taken nearly verbatim from the *True Tragedy*, and, as Mr Collier first pointed out, resembles a passage in Greene's play of *Alphonsus, king of Aragon*:

'Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
Which he by treason set upon thy head:
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.'

The first two lines of the above seem copied from Marlowe's *Edward II.*:

'Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
* * * * *
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.'

In the First Act, scene 1, of this Third Part, we have another parallelism:

'Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas.'

Marlowe had written:

'The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.'

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

KING RICHARD III.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION TO KING RICHARD III.

THE history and character of Richard, as Duke of Gloster, having been traced in the previous dramas of Henry VI., we have here their continuation and completion. Richard has forced his way to the throne.

> 'I was born so high,
> Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
> And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.'

When his eldest brother Edward IV. died, Richard was in command of the army in the marches of Scotland. He rode southward to York, attended by a vast retinue of knights and esquires, swore fealty to his nephew, Edward V.—a youth of thirteen—was invested by the Lords in Council with the office of Protector—but usurped the royal dignity, June 26, 1483, and was slain at Bosworth, August 22, 1485. Shakespeare added greatly to the years as he did to the evil qualities of his hero:

> 'Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous,
> Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.'

But in reality Richard (born at Fotheringay in October 1452) was not quite thirty-three when he fell, fighting bravely and desperately on Bosworth Field. In the matter of personal appearance too, this prince has, it appears, suffered injustice. The 'crook-back tyrant' has been fixed for ever in the popular belief and memory; but though there was a defect (for one of Richard's shoulders was higher than the other), he was considered a handsome as well as gallant prince, and his countenance was intelligent and prepossessing. The old Countess of Desmond, mentioned by Lord Bacon, is said to have danced with Richard at a ball, and to have described him as inferior in appearance only to his brother Edward, who was the handsomest

Digitized by Google

man of his times. The longevity of this ancient countess is disputed on good grounds; but she may have repeated the tradition of a former generation. When Dr Shaw harangued the citizens of London in favour of Richard, he eulogised him as 'the pattern of all heroic deeds,' and as representing 'the very face and mind of the great duke his father.'

Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.*, and its continuation by Holinshed, supplied the poet with his biographical materials. In wit and courage, More admits that Richard was equal with either of his brothers, Edward IV. or George Duke of Clarence, but in body he says he was far below them, being 'little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage. He was malicious, wrathful, envious, and ever froward. . . . . None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more metely than for peace. Sundry victories had he and sometimes overthrows, but never in default as for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to peel and spoil in other places and got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated; not letting [stopping] to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteous and cruel, not for evil alway but for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate.'

And Sir Thomas, and his continuator Holinshed, follow up this general statement by imputing to Richard ten atrocious crimes—the murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI.; then the murder of Henry himself; next the murder of Clarence; the execution at Pomfret of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan; the execution of Hastings; the murder of the young princes in the Tower; and, finally, the murder of his own queen and cousin, the Lady Anne Neville, whom he had espoused in his twentieth year. Now, good Sir Thomas More and diligent chronicler Holinshed wrote under the fear or favour of the jealous Tudor

Digitized by Google

dynasty, with scanty historical materials, and with strong prejudices. Richard did not murder Prince Edward, who seems to have been slain at the battle of Tewkesbury. His father, Henry VI., was found lifeless in the Tower, and it is highly probable, as suggested by Mr Sharon Turner, that the weak and sickly monarch had sunk under the sudden communication of the death of his son, the loss and defeat of his party and friends, and the captivity of his energetic Queen Margaret. Clarence was most likely the victim of his elder brother's hatred and vengeance. He had disputed Edward's legitimacy, on the ground of their mother's alleged infidelity, and had been arraigned and condemned by both lords and commons, Edward himself appearing as an accuser. Hence the royal voluptuary had 'cue and motive' enough, in those days of blood and violence, to furnish the fatal butt of Malmsey, while Richard had no such pressing temptation. Richard, however, did put Hastings to death, his apology being that Hastings and the queen were conspiring both against his authority as protector and against his life. He also cut off Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, justified, as he thought, by reasons of state. Their deaths were necessary towards his own preservation, and the safety of the commonwealth and the old nobility. It is certain that Buckingham and other powerful nobles hated the queen's or Woodville faction (though we may grieve for the fate of the accomplished Rivers, the patron of Caxton), and the nation witnessed their overthrow without regret. As to Richard having murdered his own queen, the accusation is wholly unsupported by evidence: Richard was strongly attached to Anne, and had no conceivable interest in her death. The murder of the young princes, however, must stand as a foul ineffaceable blot on his character. Horace Walpole thought the case against Richard was not fully proved. But Sir Thomas More's minute and consistent narrative, backed by the universal belief at the time, also by the fact that Richard rewarded and patronised the men whom More had named as the murderers, and by the subsequent defection of Buckingham and the other friends of Richard, leave no room for reasonable doubt. The

Digitized by Google

act was a revolting breach of trust, a cruelty that outraged public feeling, and ultimately lost Richard both his crown and his life. But for this he would have been a popular and powerful monarch. During his short reign of two years, he exerted himself to reform the laws, to extend our commerce, and to civilise Ireland. He encouraged architecture, and was a liberal patron of the gentle sciences of minstrelsy and music. But in order to secure supreme power, it appeared necessary that Richard should get rid of his nephews; so long as they lived he was in danger. They were indeed confined in the Tower, but the queen-dowager and a strong faction were busy devising schemes for their liberation; and the tyrant's plea, necessity, prevailed with the usurper over the dictates of humanity and the eternal laws of nature and justice.

The subject of Richard's usurpation and death had been brought on the stage before the date of Shakespeare's drama. Sir John Harrington mentions a play, entitled *Richard III.*, acted in St John's College, Cambridge, which he says would have 'moved Phalaris the tyrant, and terrified all tyrannous-minded men.' Of this potent performance no part has descended to us; but we have another play, *The True Tragedie of Richard III.*, which was acted by the queen's players, and published in 1594—a poor performance, partly in blank verse, which contains one or two situations and expressions the same as in Shakespeare. The great dramatist, however, relied, as we have said, on More and Holinshed. Some incidents he added and some he transposed. The play opens with the imprisonment of Clarence, which took place in 1478, and the next scene goes back to the funeral of Henry VI., who died in May 1471, seven years before. The startling scene between the Lady Anne and Richard over the dead body of the king—which even the genius of Shakespeare could not make natural or probable—is wholly imaginary. Queen Margaret is also brought on the stage at a time when she was in strict confinement. She was captured at Tewksbury, lived five years the prisoner of Edward IV., and being ransomed by Louis, died in France.

Digitized by Google

None of Shakespeare's dramas have been more popular than *Richard III.* There is great variety of action and bustle for the stage, and the play contains striking speeches and soliloquies—as the grand exultant speech of Richard at the commencement, Clarence's dream, Tyrrel's account of the murder of the princes, the dream of Richard, and his warlike address to his army. But the chief source of interest and attraction is unquestionably the *character* of Richard, compounded of such various qualities, and so striking in all. The matchless usurper is equally successful in personating the saint and the sinner, the statesman and the soldier, the lover and the hypocrite, the wit and the humorist. His plastic and commanding intellect carries him through all, and even at the worst saves him from detestation. When the great final struggle comes, and Richard is on his last battle-field, deserted by his chief followers, and haunted by ghastly dreams and spectres—the avengers of his crimes—his native hardihood and bravery of soul burst forth, and, though defeated, he dies with the honours of a hero and a king. All great English actors —Burbage, Garrick, Cook, Kemble, and Edmund Kean—have tasked their utmost powers to personate Richard. The play was sadly mangled by Cibber, to adapt it, as he thought, for popular representation; but still Richard, though vulgarised, was great and triumphant.

The date of this tragedy seems to be about 1597, in which year it was first published. Four quarto editions were called for before it appeared in the folio of 1623. The latter contains many passages not in the quartos, repeating also several of their obvious errors; but both quarto and folio are necessary towards forming a satisfactory text.

'This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But

Digitized by Google

some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.' —JOHNSON.

'I agree entirely with Dr Johnson in thinking that this play, from its first exhibition to the present hour, has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our author's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grandfathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronised by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene.'—MALONE.

'This play should be contrasted with *Richard II.* Pride of intellect is the characteristic of Richard carried to the extent of even boasting to his own mind of his villany, whilst others are present to feed his pride of superiority, as in his speech, Act II. sc. I. Shakespeare here, as in all his great parts, develops, in a tone of sublime morality, the dreadful consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the mere intellectual being. In Richard, there is a predominance of irony, accompanied apparently with blunt manners to those immediately about him, but formalised into a more set hypocrisy towards the people as represented by their magistrates. . . . Richard, Iago, and Falstaff are men who reverse the order of things; who place intellect at the head, whereas it ought to follow, like geometry, to prove and to confirm. No man, either hero or saint, ever acted from an unmixed motive; for let him do what he will rightly, conscience whispers, "It is your duty." Richard, laughing at conscience and sneering at religion, felt a confidence in his intellect which urged him to commit the most horrid crimes, because he felt himself, although inferior in form and shape, superior to those around him; he felt he possessed a power which they had not.'—COLERIDGE.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Edward V.*
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, *son to the king.*
GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE, *brother to the king.*
RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, *brother to the king, and afterwards King Richard III.*
A Young Son *of Clarence.*
HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, *afterwards King Henry VII.*
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *archbishop of Canterbury.*
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *archbishop of York.*
JOHN MORTON, *bishop of Ely.*
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*
EARL RIVERS, *brother to King Edward's queen.*
MARQUIS OF DORSET *and* LORD GREY, *her sons.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVELL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest.*
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*
MARGARET, *widow to King Henry VI.*
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.*
LADY ANNE, *widow to Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*
A Young Daughter *of Clarence.*

Lords, Attendants, Two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE.—ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Second Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?—*Act I. Sc. 4.*

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

GLOSTER. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;[1]
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds[2]

Digitized by Google

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up—
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good-day. What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,

Digitized by Google

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her same brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what—I think it is our way,

Digitized by Google

If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well-struck in years, fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in—
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

Digitized by Google

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce; farewell.
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by St Paul, this news is bad indeed.[3]
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die

Digitized by Google

Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, *borne in an open coffin,* Gentlemen *bearing halberds, to guard it; and* LADY ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

Digitized by Google

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
And that be heir to his unhappiness !
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord and thee !
Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys !

First Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Digitized by Google

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not.
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry!
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.

Digitized by Google

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Digitized by Google

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Digitized by Google

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.
[*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place:[4]

Digitized by Google

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corpse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—

Digitized by Google

The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,[6]
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Rivers, *and* Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority

Digitized by Google

Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,

Digitized by Google

That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Digitized by Google

Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for—
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers!—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may—ay, marry, may she—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small!—
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?

Digitized by Google

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a packhorse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been, ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to 'heaven' my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler;
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

Digitized by Google

You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.—
[*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:[6]
Which of you trembles not that looks on me!
If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me—
And thou, a kingdom—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: 'O,' I pray,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Digitized by Google

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless while some tormenting dream affrights thee,
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects;
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

Digitized by Google

O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest:—
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Digitized by Google

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours!

[*Exit*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end
To hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse
Why she 's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her:—
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;[7]
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd:—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you—
And for your grace—and you, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Digitized by Google

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—
But soft, here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates!
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears:[8]
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; there we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Digitized by Google

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopp'd-in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud—'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell—
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,

Digitized by Google

For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—

[CLARENCE *sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours—
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

Second Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep—and there, the keys.
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Digitized by Google

Second Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Second Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

Second Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Second Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Second Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Second Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope this holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Second Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Second Murd. He dies; I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

Second Murd. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Second Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Second Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it:

Digitized by Google

it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

First Murd. It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Second Murd. Believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

Second Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

First Murd. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

Second Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

First Murd. Soft! he wakes.

Second Murd. Strike!

First Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

First Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

First Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

First Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

First Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Second Murd. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Digitized by Google

Second Murd. Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me.
First Murd. What we will do we do upon command.
Second Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Second Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
Second Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;

Digitized by Google

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Second Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

First Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

Second Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,

Digitized by Google

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murdering me?
Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Second Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.[9]

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty as I am now—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you—
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Second Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Second Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

First Murd. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

Second Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

First Murd. So do not I; go, coward as thou art.
Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Third Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
Second Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true.—*Act II. Sc.* 3.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this—
Nor you, son Dorset—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him—Hastings, love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[*Embraces* DORSET.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*To the* QUEEN], but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*Embracing* RIVERS, *&c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Digitized by Google

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace;
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Of you, Lord Woodville, and Lord Scales, of you—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Digitized by Google

Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life:
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,

Digitized by Google

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this:—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
Come, lords, will you go, to comfort Edward
With our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Duch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry—'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins,[1] you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame.
Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Digitized by Google

Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries!
Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Digitized by Google

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation ;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward !
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence !
Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward ? and he 's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he 's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss !
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss !
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss !
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs !
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she ;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—
Alas, you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;
In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :

Digitized by Google

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Digitized by Google

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.
Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
To give your censures [2] in this business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

First Cit. Good-morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
Second Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Cit. Yes; that the king is dead.
Second Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better.
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Digitized by Google

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!

First Cit. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Third Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

Second Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true.

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!

Second Cit. In him there is a hope of government;
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

Third Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now who shall be nearest
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

Third Cit. When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Second Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

Digitized by Google

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.
Third Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
Second Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
Third Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my good cousin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Digitized by Google

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:[3] go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger.

What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Digitized by Google

Upon the innocent and awless throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the* QUEEN.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[1]

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, 'heaven' knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—
[*Exeunt* Mayor, *&c.*
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Digitized by Google

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Digitized by Google

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* Hastings.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
[*Aside.*
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.—
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word.[2]
[*Aside.*
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—

Digitized by Google

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.[3]

Prince. Ay, brother—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Digitized by Google

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, *and Attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;

Digitized by Google

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.

Digitized by Google

Glo. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* LORD HASTINGS' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord!
[*Knocking.*

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure—

Digitized by Google

If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance:
And, for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good-morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good-morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring;
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news—

Digitized by Google

That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence—
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you—
For they account his head upon the bridge.
[*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good-morrow; and good-morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Digitized by Google

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Digitized by Google

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
[*Aside.*
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter Ratcliff, *with a guard, conducting* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of 'ruthless' bloodsuckers.
Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

Digitized by Google

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.[4]
Riv. Come, Grey—come, Vaughan—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table; Officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation:
When is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:

Digitized by Google

But you, my honourable lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good-morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,[5]
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part—
I mean, your voice—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :[6]
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster ?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Digitized by Google

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood he shew'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with plots of witchcraft,
And have prevail'd upon my body with their charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil!
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—
Glo. If! thou protector of this strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done;[7]
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, *with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;

Digitized by Google

And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Come, come, despatch; the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good-looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfullest time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*[8]

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Digitized by Google

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS'S *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe
(Were 't not that, by great preservation,

Digitized by Google

We live to tell it you), the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glo. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
Go thou [*To* CATESBY] to Friar Penker;[9]—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.

Now will I go, to take some privy order

Digitized by Google

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;

Digitized by Google

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry—'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few—
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
'This general applause and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Digitized by Google

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the Lord Mayor knocks.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;

Digitized by Google

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof:
But, sore, I fear we shall not win him to it.[10]

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
We come to him in perfect love—and so
Once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit* CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand—
True ornament to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,

Digitized by Google

Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts
(Which here we waken to our country's good),
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

Digitized by Google

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shames your high request.[11]
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me
(And much I need to help you, were there need);
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son;

Digitized by Google

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow—
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy;
By her, in his unlawful 'union, he
Had' Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates—

Digitized by Google

Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM; *the* Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens *retiring.*

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. [CATESBY *goes to the* Mayor, *&c., and then exit.*]
I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY; *the* Mayor, *&c., coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For 'heaven' knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Digitized by Google

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the* Bishops.
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUIS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,[1]
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she 's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we 'll enter all together:
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Digitized by Google

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death:

Digitized by Google

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to 'heaven' that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No, why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish—'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse;
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Digitized by Google

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good-fortune guide thee!
[*To* Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!
[*To* Anne.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
[*To* Queen Elizabeth.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.[2]
Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back, with me, unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, *as King, upon his throne;* Buckingham, Catesby, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham—
Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:
Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so:—but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.
[*Aside.*
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!—
Page. My lord?
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy.
[*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

Digitized by Google

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean, poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit* Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Digitized by Google

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—
Buck. My lord—
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,

Digitized by Google

And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord—
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes'—

Digitized by Google

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on—'we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.'—
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.—
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;

Digitized by Google

And Anne my wife hath bid this world good-night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Rat. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my council is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

[*Retires.*

Digitized by Google

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—

Digitized by Google

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Henry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls[3]—
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan![4]

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
'Heaven' witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[5] because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

Digitized by Google

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;

Digitized by Google

From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance :—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is ;
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.
[*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My 'monster'-son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Trumpet within.*
The trumpet sounds—be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

Digitized by Google

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
'Heaven' knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well:
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,[6] that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Digitized by Google

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her.
[*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads!
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Digitized by Google

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,

Digitized by Google

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below
Even of your mettle, of your very blood.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

Digitized by Google

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves !
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Rich. Why, then, by Heaven—
Q. Eliz. Heaven's wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath by him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Hadst not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,[7]

Digitized by Google

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good-luck
To my proceeding! if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
Q. Eliz. Yet, thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's 'love' I bury them.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit* QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now! what news?
Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself—or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither—Dull, unmindful villain,
[*To* CATESBY.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby:—bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Digitized by Google

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

Second Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;

Digitized by Google

And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE V.—*A Room in* LORD STANLEY'S *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.[8]

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—
That, in the sty of the most deadly boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

The Ghost of Queen Anne *rises.*

Ghost. To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—*Act V. Sc.* 3.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Salisbury. An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice—
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,

Digitized by Google

I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.[1]
That high All-seer which I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck—
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

Digitized by Google

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *and Forces; the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth Field.[2]
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the* KING'S *tent.*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:

Digitized by Google

Let 's lack no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other* Lords. *Some of the Soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :—
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me—
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done),
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
In to my tent ; the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Digitized by Google

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's six o'clock.[3]

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch![4]
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound,[5] and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut[6] time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,[7]
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Digitized by Google

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch ; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[KING RICHARD *retires into his tent.* *Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief—for so the season bids us be—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu :—be valiant, and speed well

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;

Digitized by Google

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Officers, &c., with* STANLEY.
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!
[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost *of* PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY THE SIXTH, *rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To* KING RICHARD.
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of* KING HENRY THE SIXTH *rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To* KING RICHARD.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die—
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Digitized by Google

The Ghost *of* CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To* KING RICHARD.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* RICHMOND.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To* KING RICHARD.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To* KING RICHARD.
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
[*To* KING RICHARD.
All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
[*To* RICHMOND.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost *of* HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
[*To* KING RICHARD.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!—
Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the two young* Princes *rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower.
Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard,

Digitized by Google

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of* QUEEN ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHMOND.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost *of* BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown:
[*To* KING RICHARD.
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death!
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* RICHMOND.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

Digitized by Google

What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason why—
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter:
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream![8]—
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear—

Digitized by Google

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

Enter OXFORD *and others.*

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond!
Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.—
[*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

Digitized by Google

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:—
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich. [*Reads.*] 'Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
For conscience is a word that cowards use,

Digitized by Google

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell.
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milksop,[10] one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves![11]

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,[12]
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. *Enter* NORFOLK, *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. *Enter* KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse![13]
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, KING RICHARD *and* RICHMOND ; *they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then re-enter* RICHMOND *and* STANLEY, *bearing the crown, and divers other Lords and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

Digitized by Google

The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES TO KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

[1] *This sun of York.* The cognizance of Edward IV. was a sun. He adopted it in memory of the three suns, which are said to have appeared at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, in which Edward defeated the Lancastrians. See *King Henry VI.*, Part Third, Act ii. sc. 1. In an old poem on the recovery of the throne by Edward IV. (WRIGHT'S *Political Poems, &c.*) we have this notice of Richard by a contemporary:

> 'The Duke of Gloucester, that nobill prynce,
> Yonge of age and victorious in batayle,
> To the honour of Ectour that he might comens,
> Grace him followeth, fortune, and good spede.
> I suppose he 's the same that clerkes of rede.
> Fortune hath hym chosen, and forthe wyth hym will goo,
> Her husbonde to be, the wille of God is soo.'

[2] *Barbed steeds.* In heraldry, 'barbed' is the term applied to the war-horse completely armed. 'The Duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser, barbed with blue and green velvet,' &c.—HAYWARD'S *Henry IV.*, 1599.

[3] *Now, by St Paul.* The folio reads, 'Now, by *St John*.' But Richard habitually swears by St Paul.

[4] *Repair to Crosby Place*—still extant in Bishopsgate Street. The Place or Hall was built by Sir John Crosby between 1466 and 1475. 'It is in the Perpendicular Style,' says Mr P. Cunningham, 'with a fine open timber roof, and deservedly regarded as one of the most interesting examples we possess of the domestic architecture of England in the fifteenth century.' Sir Thomas More lived in Crosby Place.

[5] *A beggarly denier.* A 'denier' was a small French coin, not now in use, of the value of the twelfth part of a sous.

[6] *Pill'd from me.* To 'pill' (Fr. *piller*), was to rob, to plunder.

Digitized by Google

[7] *He is frank'd up to fatting;* he is shut up in a sty or frank. An allusion to the crest of the York family, a boar.

[8] *Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears;* a proverbial expression. Steevens points out a parallel passage in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: 'Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears.'

[9] *Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.* The arrangement of this part of the dialogue in our text is that proposed by Tyrrwhit. In the folio the passage is confused, five lines being added and apparently inserted in the wrong place.

ACT II.

[1] *My pretty cousins.* The son and daughter of Clarence were grandchildren of the Duchess of York; but the term 'cousin' was in Shakespeare's time applied to nephews and nieces as well as grandchildren. It was synonymous with our kinsman and kinswoman.

[2] *To give your censures;* that is, your judgment or opinion.

[3] *A parlous boy;* a corruption of *perilous*, but with a wider signification; as wonderful, talkative, &c.

ACT III.

[1] *Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.* One of the names for London after the Norman Conquest was *Camera Regia.* In Lydgate's address to King Henry VI., after his coronation in France, and upon his public entry into London, there is a still earlier mention of London as the king's chamber: 'Sovereign lord and noble king; ye be welcome out of your realm of France into this blessed realm of England, and in especial, unto your most notable city of London, otherwise called your chamber.' Ben Jonson says the title was given immediately after the Norman Conquest, 'and by the indulgence of successive princes hath been hitherto continued.'

[2] *Glo. So wise so young, they say, do never live long.*
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.—
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word.
[*Aside.*

This passage is ambiguous. The *Vice*, or Jester, in the old plays is well known, and Fraud, Iniquity, Covetousness, &c., were among the representations. The chief employment of the *Vice*, as Steevens says, was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes he adopted for this

Digitized by Google

purpose was using double meanings and plays upon words. But what were Gloster's 'two meanings?' Warburton proposed to read:

That like the formal-wise Antiquity
I moralise: two meanings in one word.

So violent a change in the text is inadmissible. Johnson seems to give the true explanation: 'The position immediately preceding that "fame lives long without characters," that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line,

So wise so young, they say, do never live long,

in which he conceals, under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death.'

[3] *Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.* The original of this epithet (*dread*) applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus.*—JOHNSON.

[4] *The hour of death is expiate;* that is, is completed or ended. The second folio has 'is *now expired.*' But Shakespeare, in his 22d sonnet, has the same use of the word:

'Then look I death my days should expiate.'

[5] *Had you not come upon your cue.* The 'cue,' a theatrical expression, consists of the last words of a speech; also a hint given to an actor on the stage what or when to speak. This technical phrase is frequently employed by Shakespeare.

[6] *My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,*
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

This episodical passage is copied from Holinshed: 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. "Gladly, my lord (quoth he), would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that." And therewithal, in haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries.' Regarding the personal tastes of Richard, we have an illustration in the *Letters and Papers of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.*, edited by Mr Gairdner (1861). Richard writes to Louis XI.: 'My lord, my cousin, I commend me to you as much as I can. I have written to my servant, Blanc Sanglier, now being with you, to make provision of certain wines of the growth of Burgundy and La Haulte France, for myself and the queen my consort.' On this extract a writer in the *Athenæum* remarks: 'It is pleasant, considering how things went in that royal household, to think of Richard and Anne quietly sipping their Burgundy while talking over the bygone days of their old loves and more recent adventures. Richard has set his heart on this Burgundy. He asks Louis to allow this little

Digitized by Google

commission to be executed without "any disturbance or contradiction." He adds: "you will do me in this a very singular pleasure; and if there can be anything I can do for you, on your informing me, I will accomplish it very willingly." Let us hope that the wine arrived safely, and that Richard, if he really poisoned "the queen our consort," did not make use of this identical Burgundy, which he so particularly coveted.'

[7] *Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.* Theobald altered this to 'Lovel and *Catesby*.' Ratcliff, as appears from the preceding scene, was then in Yorkshire, attending the execution of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, and consequently could not be in the Tower. But Ratcliff is introduced in the next scene, and the irregularity was probably owing to the carelessness of the poet as to such details. In the old quarto no names are mentioned, Richard only saying, 'Some see it done.'

[8] *Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.* This is the quaint stage direction of the folio edition. Holinshed states that Richard and Buckingham 'stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man should ween that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them.'

[9] *Doctor Shaw—Friar Penker.* 'For these two, the one had a sermon in praise of the Protector before the coronation, the other after: both so full of tedious flattery, that no man's ears could abide them. Penker in his sermon so lost his voice, that he was fain to leave off and come down in the midst. Doctor Shaw by his sermon lost his honesty, and soon after his life, for very shame of the world, into which he durst never come abroad.'—SIR THOMAS MORE'S *History of Richard III.* The description of Buckingham's reception by the citizens of London in the next scene, is also copied from More's History.

[10] *But, sore, I fear.* This is the reading of Collier's Old Corrector. The folio has *sure*. In the last scene of the *Merchant of Venice*, Gratiano says: 'I'll fear no other thing so sore.'

[11] *Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert*
Unmeritable shames your high request.

This is the reading of the late Sidney Walker, published by Mr Dyce. The old copies, instead of 'shames' in the second line, have *shuns*.

ACT IV.

[1] *My niece Plantagenet.* In reality her granddaughter. In *Othello*, grandchildren are termed nephews. See previous note to Act II.: 'My pretty cousins.'

[2] *Teen;* that is, sorrow, grief.

Digitized by Google

[3] *That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,*
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls.

The second of these lines stands first in the folio—an obvious transposition. Capell first arranged them as above.

[4] *Pew-fellow;* that is, companion. Thus Dekker, 'Lose not a minute, pew-fellow.'

[5] *Young York he is but boot.* He is but surplusage, added to the bargain.

[6] *Humphrey Hour.* The phrase 'Humphrey Hour' would seem to imply eating hour; derived from the old saying, 'dining with Duke Humphrey,' or going dinnerless and passing the time in the promenade near Duke Humphrey's monument in old St Paul's. The duchess asks:

'What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?'

And Richard replies:

'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.'

[7] *Too tender bedfellows for dust.* In the folio, *two.*

[8] *Sir Christopher Urswick.* Sir Christopher was an ecclesiastic, one of the 'Pope's knights,' as the inferior clergy were called. Thus the Welsh parson in the *Merry Wives* is styled Sir Hugh Evans. Sir Christopher Urswick was chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, and afterwards almoner to Henry VII. He died in 1521 at Hackney, where his monument still remains.

ACT V.

[1] *This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,*
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.

Warburton proposed 'respect of my wrongs;' that is, requital. But Hanmer explained the expression as signifying the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respited.

[2] *Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth Field.* 'It is a strong and curious proof of Shakespeare's submission to the dramatic usages of his time, violating as they did taste and propriety, that he encamps Richard on one side of the stage, and Richmond on the other: neither of them notices, nor is, indeed, aware of the presence of the other; and the ghosts rise between the chieftains' tents and address them alternately.'—SKOTTOWE.

[3] *It's supper-time, my lord; it's six o'clock.* So in the quarto copies. The folio substitutes *nine* for 'six;' but as Steevens remarks, a supper at so late an hour as *nine*, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy.

[4] *Give me a watch;* that is, a watch-light. The night-candle was

Digitized by Google

divided, as Mr Knight observes, by marks, to indicate how long it had burned. Richard shortly afterwards says: 'Bid my guard watch,' shewing that by the word 'watch,' in the above line, he does not mean a sentinel.

[5] *Look that my staves be sound.* 'Staves,' the wood of his lances.

[6] *About cock-shut time;* that is, the time at which fowls go to roost.

'For you would not yesternight
Kiss him in the cock-shut light.'

BEN JONSON.

[7] *I have not that alacrity of spirit,*
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

This is from Holinshed, who remarks that Richard used not 'the alacrity and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle.'

[8] *O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream.* 'The fame went that he had a dreadful and terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he did see divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. . . . . And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and fearful dream.'—HOLINSHED. The dramatic art of the poet is seen in his substituting for the 'divers images like terrible devils' the ghosts of those he had murdered. This amendment seems, however, to have been suggested by the old play, *The True Tragedy of Richard III.*:

Enter the KING *and the* LORD LOVELL.

King. The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks their ghost comes gaping for revenge,
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' bloods 'revenge, revenge!' doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries let the tyrant die.

[9] *Jocky of Norfolk*, &c. This couplet is from Holinshed, but Shakespeare, to perfect the line, substituted 'Jocky' for *Jacke*. Richard's speech is closely copied from Holinshed.

Digitized by Google

[10] *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,*
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milksop.

'And to begin with the Earl of Richmond, captain of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, a man of small courage, and of less experience in martial acts and feats of war, brought up by my mother's means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis Duke of Bretagne.'—HOLINSHED. The words, 'my mother's means' should be 'my *brother's* means,' as in the first edition of Holinshed, and also in Hall's Chronicle. But Shakespeare had been misled by an edition of the old chronicler in which the passage is misprinted.

[11] *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!* that is, as Johnson renders it, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.

[12] *Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George.* In a treatise on the Art of War, published during the reign of Elizabeth, this war-cry is prescribed as indispensable in battle. 'All soldiers entering into battle, assault, skirmish, or other paction of arms, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George forward!* or, *Upon them Saint George!* whereby the soldier is much comforted, and the enemy dismayed by calling to mind the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious.' Also in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559:

'Upon them, friends; the cause is yours and mine;
Saint George and conquest on our helms doth shine.'

In *The True Tragedy of Richard III.*, Richmond's address to his army concludes with: 'Then forward, Richmond, God and Saint George for me!'

[13] *A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!* Thus in the old play, *The True Tragedy of Richard III.*, we have:

'*The battle enters,* RICHARD *wounded, with his* Page.

King. A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!
Page. Fly, my lord, and save your life.
King. Fly, villain! Look I as though I would fly?
No, first shall this dull and senseless ball of earth receive my body
cold and void of sense,' &c.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* (February 26, 1853) states, that in the edition of *The Walewein*, published by Professor Jonckbloet, Leyden, 1846, is a parallel passage from the *Lancelot*, a romance of the middle ages:

'Addic wapine ende een pard,
In gaeft niet om een coninerike.'
Had I weapons and a horse,
I would not give them for a kingdom.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VIII.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VIII.

THE generally pacific reign and crafty policy of Henry VII. must have appeared to Shakespeare unfitted for the purposes of the drama. He might have rendered the adventures of Perkin Warbeck, some of the scenes in Ireland and Scotland, the lamentable fate of Edward Plantagenet (that foul blot on the character of the king), and even the monstrous extortions of Empson and Dudley, attractive on the stage. But the poet had a leaning towards the Lancastrian faction. He could not have made Henry a hero without violating truth and history, and he did not choose to paint from the life. He therefore passed on to the stirring and gorgeous reign of the Eighth Henry, in which the vicissitudes of a few years and a few characters were sure to command a strong and an abiding interest. With the bluff, imperious, and popular monarch, his hapless queen, Katharine of Arragon, and his potent and magnificent minister Wolsey, dramatic success was certain.

The play commences with the twelfth year of the reign of Henry VIII. (1521), and closes with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Holinshed's *Chronicle* is generally followed—sometimes with verbal exactness—but the incidents are transposed for dramatic effect. The first introduction of Anne Bullen is represented as occurring at York Place in the course of Wolsey's splendid entertainment, and thus a picturesque and lively scene is exhibited; but in reality Anne, as maid of honour to the queen, had long been known to the enamoured monarch. The coronation of Anne is placed before the death of Wolsey, although it did not take place till June 1, 1533, and the cardinal died November 29, 1530. The death of Katharine is also antedated—

Digitized by Google

no doubt to render the union with Anne and the birth of Elizabeth as joyous and unclouded as possible. The circumstance of the king's displeasure with Wolsey being occasioned by the accidental discovery of the inventory and the letter to the pope, is an imaginary incident. His fall was caused by the adverse influence of 'Mistress Anne,' and by his having been considered accessary to the delays of the court of Rome in the matter of the divorce. Wolsey's palaces and 'piles of wealth' also formed a strong temptation to the cupidity of Henry. Within the compass of a few scenes, the poet has brought together some striking occurrences and reverses—some grand and melancholy situations—and conveyed moral lessons as touching as they are beautiful. The general strain of the drama is quiet and subdued—often prosaic in style—but no reader or spectator ever forgets Wolsey's reflections on his fall, the trial-scene and death of Katharine, or Cranmer's prophecy of the happy days that were to dawn on England under the new-born Protestant princess.

There are peculiarities in the diction and versification of this play which have led to an opinion that it is not wholly by Shakespeare. A second hand is supposed to be distinctly visible. Johnson and Farmer believed the prologue and epilogue to be by Ben Jonson; they certainly bear no mark of Shakespeare's hand, and the somewhat forced compliment to King James in Cranmer's speech is considered to have been an interpolation made by Jonson, a court flatterer, to gratify the vanity of the king. We have pointed out the passage in the text, by enclosing it within brackets; and it will be seen that if those lines are left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds, as Dr Johnson remarks, 'in a regular tenor of prediction and continuity of sentiment.' Still, awkward as the introduction of James is in this panegyric on Elizabeth, the incongruity is not greater than one in Act IV. scene 2, where the poet makes Griffith speak of Wolsey's collegiate institutions, 'one of which fell with him,' and the other was 'still-rising'—events which Griffith could not possibly have known, as they did not occur till years after Wolsey's fall. The

Digitized by Google

poet was utterly indifferent as to all such solecisms or anachronisms. But a bolder theory has lately been advanced regarding the composition of *Henry VIII.* One half of the play, it is said, was written by Fletcher! Mr Tennyson, Mr Spedding, Mr Hickson, and other Shakespearean students and critical scholars, have adopted this view of joint-authorship.* The internal evidence, they conceive, is quite convincing; and unquestionably in *Henry VIII.* we have much of Fletcher's style and many of his habitual expressions. We miss also from some of the scenes the peculiar Shakespearean rhythm—the well-known tone of voice, as it were—and the rapid intellectual movement of the great poet. Many passages are stiff and inharmonious, and the general action of the piece wants spirit and combination. But admitting all this, it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare ever wrote in concert with any other dramatist—especially with one twelve years his junior, and who had little reputation when the elder poet was in the full blaze of his fame. Fletcher rarely through one entire scene shews the judgment and propriety pervading Henry VIII., or the power of chastened eloquence and delineation of character seen in Katharine or Wolsey. Had he co-operated with Shakespeare, the fact must have been known to some of his contemporaries, but we have no allusion to it; Ben Jonson, who was not disinclined to be critical, and who knew all about the theatrical matters of his day, is silent; Heminge and Condell include the play in Shakespeare's works, and Fletcher makes no objection to the appropriation. It seems more reasonable to infer that Shakespeare founded his play upon an older performance, or that it was a very hasty production got up for some special display of scenic pageantry, rather than that he condescended to adopt

* See *Notes and Queries* for 1850—1851. Mr Hickson and Mr Spedding thus apportion the scenes: *Act I.;* scenes 1 and 2, Shakespeare; 3 and 4, Fletcher. *Act II.;* scenes 1 and 2, Fletcher; 3 and 4, Shakespeare. *Act III.;* scene 1, Fletcher; 2, Shakespeare, ending with 'what appetite you have;' the rest of the scene by Fletcher. *Act IV.;* scenes 1 and 2, Fletcher. *Act V.;* scene 1, Shakespeare; all the rest, with prologue and epilogue, by Fletcher.

Digitized by Google

Fletcher as a fellow-worker in a regular historical drama. It is uncertain whether this play was produced in the reign of Elizabeth or not till that of James. The poet would scarcely have ventured, during Elizabeth's life, to call her an 'aged princess,' or to allude even remotely to her death. In the registers of the Stationers' Company there is an entry, 12th February 1604—1605, referring to an interlude, entitled *King Henry the Eighth*, but which does not seem to have been published. This is conjectured to have been Shakespeare's play, which, however, was not printed until it appeared in the folio of 1623. In June 1613, the Globe theatre was destroyed, owing to the thatch of the roof being fired by the wadding of the *chambers* or small guns discharged during the performance. Sir Henry Wotton says the calamity occurred during the acting of *a new play*, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII. Two other contemporaries give the name of the piece distinctly as *Henry VIII.;* and it is supposed that Shakespeare's play had then been revived with new dresses, new prologue, epilogue, and decorations, and with the double title of *Henry VIII.*, or *All is True*. The *truth* of the drama is much insisted on in the prologue.

'The character of Queen Katharine is the most perfect delineation of matronly dignity, sweetness, and resignation that can be conceived. Her appeals to the protection of the king, her remonstrances to the cardinals, her conversations with her women, shew a noble and generous spirit accompanied with the utmost gentleness of nature. What can be more affecting than her answer to Campeius and Wolsey, who come to visit her as pretended friends:

> "Nay, forsooth, my friends,
> They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
> They are, as all my comforts are, far hence."

Dr Johnson observes of this play, that "the meek sorrows and virtuous distresses of Katharine have furnished some scenes

Digitized by Google

which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine: every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." This is easily said; but with all due deference to so great a reputed authority as that of Johnson, it is not true. For instance, the scene of Buckingham led to execution is one of the most affecting and natural in Shakespeare, and one to which there is hardly an approach in any other author. Again, the character of Wolsey, the description of his pride and of his fall, are inimitable, and have, besides their gorgeousness of effect, a pathos which only the genius of Shakespeare could lend to the distresses of a proud bad man like Wolsey. . . . . The character of Henry VIII. is drawn with great truth and spirit. It is like a very disagreeable portrait, sketched by the hand of a master, His traditional peculiarities of expression complete the reality of the picture. The authoritative expletive, "Ha!" with which he intimates his indignation or surprise, has an effect like the first startling sound that breaks from a thunder-cloud.'—HAZLITT.

'Shakespeare was as profound a historian as a poet. When we compare his *Henry VIII.* with the preceding pieces, we see distinctly that the English nation during the long, peaceable, and economical reign of Henry VII., whether from the exhaustion which was the fruit of the civil wars, or from more general European influences, had made a sudden transition from the powerful confusion of the middle ages, to the regular tameness of modern times. Henry VIII. has, therefore, somewhat of a prosaic appearance; for Shakespeare, artist-like, adapted himself always to the quality of his materials. If others of his works, both in elevation of fancy and in energy of pathos and character, tower far above this, we have here, on the other hand, occasion to admire his nice powers of discrimination and his perfect knowledge of courts and the world.'—SCHLEGEL.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
LORD CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries *to Wolsey.*
CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
DR BUTTS, *physician to the king.*
Garter King at Arms.
Surveyor *to the Duke of Buckingham.*
BRANDON, *and a* Sergeant at Arms.
Doorkeeper of the Council Chamber.
Page *to Gardiner.*
Porter *and his* Man. *A* Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her maid of honour, afterwards queen.*
An old Lady, *friend to Anne Bullen.*
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen, Scribes, Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE.—CHIEFLY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER; ONCE AT KIMBOLTON, IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working,[1] full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, 'wanton' play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,[2]
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
(To make that only true we now intend),[3]
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter on one side the DUKE OF NORFOLK; *on the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

BUCKINGHAM. Good-morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.[1]

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:[2]
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

Digitized by Google

The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.[3]

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;[4]
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Digitized by Google

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech[5] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,[6]
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives; for him which buys
A place next to the king.[7]
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter—
The honourable board of council out—
Must fetch him in he presses.[8]
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have

Digitized by Google

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword

Digitized by Google

Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY (*the purse borne before him*), *certain of the Guard, and Two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Digitized by Google

Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel—I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform it—his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,

Digitized by Google

That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.[9]

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know—
As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Digitized by Google

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?[10]

Digitized by Google

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.[11]—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords *of the Council,* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* KING *enters, leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The* KING *takes his State. The* Lords *of the Council take their several places. The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'S *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!' *Enter the* QUEEN, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.

Digitized by Google

That you would love yourself, and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears—
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame

Digitized by Google

Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[12]

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Digitized by Google

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission : pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.
[*Exit* Secretary.

Digitized by Google

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him—every day
It would infect his speech—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Digitized by Google

Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.[13]
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,[14] within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive

Digitized by Google

To gain the love o' the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.'
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush!
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
K. Hen. Ha! what so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer—
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; what hence?
Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,

Digitized by Google

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee? what say'st?

Surv. After—'the duke his father'—with 'the knife'—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There 's his period—to sheathe his knife in us!
He is attach'd; call him to present trial:
If he may find mercy in the law, 'tis his;
If none—let him not seek 't of us!—
By day and night, he 's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Digitized by Google

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
Or springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto (as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches,[15] and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Digitized by Google

Lov. Ay, marry;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going
(For, sure, there's no converting of them); now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord—has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in* York Place.[16]

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,* Anne Bullen, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; on the other, enter* Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all. This night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you 're tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and* Sir Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please them: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were; they should find easy penance.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* Anne Bullen *and another lady.*

Digitized by Google

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his state.*

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : this, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health.

[*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam.

[*Drum and trumpets within : Chambers discharged.*[17]

Wol. What 's that ?

Digitized by Google

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers—
For so they seem; they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All rise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all!

Hautboys. Enter the King, *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

Digitized by Google

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!

[*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter—
The Viscount Rochford—one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,

Digitized by Google

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace, I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord, in the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry:—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half-a-dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

Digitized by Google

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.—*Act II. Sc.* 2.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Second Gent. O—God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Second Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
Second Gent. Pray speak what has happen'd.
First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Second Gent. Is he found guilty?
First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

Digitized by Google

Second Gent. I am sorry for 't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Second Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Second Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Second Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.
Second Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not—
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Digitized by Google

Second Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Second Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
First Gent. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
Second Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment;* Tipstaves *before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Second Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:

Digitized by Google

But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.[1]—Commend me to his grace;
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see the barge be ready;

Digitized by Google

And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun;
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves amd counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell:

Digitized by Google

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*
First Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
Second Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?
Second Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
Second Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Second Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and likely,[2]
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,

Digitized by Google

For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
Second Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. 'My Lord—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'

I fear, he will, indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good-day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:

Digitized by Google

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great-nephew:
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs—and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Digitized by Google

Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let 's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who 's there, ha?
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations? Who am I, ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

Digitized by Google

Use us and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

[*To* Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[*To* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices:—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius—
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding), you, my lord

Digitized by Google

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted,
Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law—
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers

Digitized by Google

There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp—the which
To leave a thousandfold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, much better
She ne'er had known pomp! though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,[3] do divorce

Digitized by Google

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, I would not
Be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience[4] would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a threepence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;[5]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.
Anne. How you do talk!

Digitized by Google

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,

Digitized by Google

I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well ;
[*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king ; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle ?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.
Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here (fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.[6]
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt :—have you heard it ?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !
A thousand pounds a-year for pure respect !
No other obligation ! By my life,
That promises more thousands : honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess ; say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me

Digitized by Google

To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, Two* Scribes, *in the habits of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant at Arms, *bearing a silver mace; then Two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two* CARDINALS WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *Two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace.* [*Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their Trains.*] *The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the Two* CARDINALS *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* BISHOPS *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the hall.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so.—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Digitized by Google

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt

Digitized by Google

Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Digitized by Google

Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge : whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you ; the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak

Digitized by Google

To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the* KING, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, *and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Digitized by Google

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens.—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied), whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from it. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

Digitized by Google

By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience,' I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember

Digitized by Google

How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread—that I committed
The daringest counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons:—unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness,
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.
[*They rise to depart.*
K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

Digitized by Google

This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Read o'er this; [*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.—*Act III. Sc.* 2.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell.*[1] *A Room in the* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

The QUEEN, *and some of her* Women, *at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring,

Digitized by Google

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[2]

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gentleman.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number), if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business

Digitized by Google

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima—
Q. Kath. O good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willingest sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not, by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,

Digitized by Google

In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel for my cause;
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest),
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Digitized by Google

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vainglory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;

Digitized by Google

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her* Women.
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peacemakers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

Digitized by Google

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the* KING'S *Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard

Digitized by Google

The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts

Digitized by Google

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoris'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave,
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, 'heaven' incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,

Digitized by Google

Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess-dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter Wolsey *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[*Exit* Cromwell.

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!

Digitized by Google

Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!
Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,

Digitized by Google

I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside to others.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities:[3] mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,

Digitized by Google

Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit* King, *frowning upon* Cardinal Wolsey; *the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion

Digitized by Google

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper :
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so :
This paper has undone me : 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What 's this—'To the Pope ?'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my lord of Winchester's,[4]
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where 's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it
(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,

Digitized by Google

I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patent: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother-cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

Digitized by Google

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[5]

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[6] lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Digitized by Google

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll shew a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Suf. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Digitized by Google

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,[7]

Digitized by Google

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue

Digitized by Google

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature), not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

Digitized by Google

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.[8]

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

The Vision.—Act IV. Sc. 2.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Second Gent. And so are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Second Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This general joy.

Second Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward),
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

Digitized by Google

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Second Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Second Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess-dowager? how goes her business?
First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
Second Gent. Alas, good lady!—
[*A lively flourish of trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.*
[*Music.*

Digitized by Google

4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

Second Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—
Who 's that that bears the sceptre ?
First Gent. Marquis Dorset :
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Second Gent. A bold brave gentleman : and that should be
The Duke of Suffolk.
First Gent. 'Tis the same ; high-steward.
Second Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk ?
First Gent. Yes.
Second Gent. Heaven bless thee !
[*Looking on the* QUEEN.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady ;
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Digitized by Google

Second Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Second Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.
First Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Second Gent. You saw the ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Second Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think), flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Digitized by Google

Second Gent. But, what follow'd?
Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.
First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that 's past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
Second Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
The other, London.
Second Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
Second Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king

Digitized by Google

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
Second Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;—
So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!

Digitized by Google

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him ;
To whom he gave these words—'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !'
So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes :[1] one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdoms : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly

Digitized by Google

Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,[2]
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—softly, gentle Patience.

Digitized by Google

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.
[*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes![3]

Digitized by Google

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* Griffith *and* Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, *with* Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

Digitized by Google

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature—
I hope, she will deserve well); and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,

Digitized by Google

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

[*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

Digitized by Google

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a* Page *with a torch before him.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is it not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas.
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero[1]
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear

Digitized by Google

Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir—
Hear me, Sir Thomas : you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?
Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you), I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the king ; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace

Digitized by Google

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good-nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING, *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Prithee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness

Digitized by Google

A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good-night.
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither.
[*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!—
[*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

Digitized by Google

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up;
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?

Digitized by Google

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour: I swear he is true-hearted;
And a soul none better in my kingdom.—
Get you gone, and do as I have bid you.

[*Exit* CRANMER.

He has strangled his language in his tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring

Digitized by Google

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell—

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit* KING.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, *&c., attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Digitized by Google

Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently.
[*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice),
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The KING and BUTTS *appear at a window above.*

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among them
(At least, good-manners), as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

Digitized by Google

And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt.*

The Council Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty. But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and culpable
Of our flesh;[2] few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains

Digitized by Google

(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,

Digitized by Google

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end—
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That 's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Digitized by Google

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us:—are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,

Digitized by Google

The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear,
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man [*To* CRANMER], sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace—
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

Digitized by Google

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice—
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;[8] you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk,
And Lady Marquis Dorset: will these please you?

Digitized by Google

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.
Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris Garden?[4] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot

Digitized by Google

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.[5]

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian come to court? Bless me, what a fry is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that firedrake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: the devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and

Digitized by Google

fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,[6] are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,[7] and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye 've made a fine hand, fellows.
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: Ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[8] when
Ye should do service.—Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I 'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with his marshal's staff,* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *Two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

Digitized by Google

This royal infant (heaven still move about her !),
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom[9] and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her :
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness),
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,

Digitized by Google

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.][10]
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die—
She must, the saints must have her—yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before
This happy child, did I get anything :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all—to you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay ;
This little one shall make it holiday.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry—'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear,
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd them: if they smile
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

Digitized by Google

NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

[1] *Sad, high, and working.* Here, as in innumerable places in Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists, 'sad' means grave or serious. Mr Staunton would read the above passage: 'Sad *and high*-working.'

[2] *Guarded with yellow;* laced or fringed with yellow.

[3] *We now intend;* here 'intend' has the same meaning as *pretend.*

ACT I.

[1] *Met in the vale of Andren.* Modern editors have altered 'Andren' to *Arde,* but Shakespeare followed Holinshed: 'The meeting was appointed to be on the Thursday the 7th of June [1520], upon which day the two kings met in the vale of Andren.'

[2] *Guynes and Ardè;* towns in Picardy—Guynes then belonging to the English, and Arde to the French. The latter should be *Ardres,* but in this instance, also, the poet copied from Holinshed. The splendid fêtes given at the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I. are commemorated by the name of *Champ du Drap d'Or* (Field of the Cloth of Gold), which the spot still retains. The phrase 'all *clinquant*' in the text, signifies all glittering—all bright with gingling gold ornaments.

[3] *Bevis was believ'd.* Sir Bevis of Hampton or Southampton, the hero of legendary romance. *Beuves de Hanton,* or *Sir Bevis of Southampton,* is a French romance of considerable antiquity, although the hero, according to Warton, is not older than the Norman Conquest. Guy of Warwick and Sir Bevis began to be celebrated in or after the Crusades, those expeditions having dictated to the romance-writers stories of Christian champions fighting with infidel heroes. In the Fifth Act of this play we have mention of Colbrand, the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

[4] *All was royal.* The folio gives these words and the remainder of the speech to Buckingham; but Theobald's arrangement of the text, which we have followed, is evidently the correct one.

Digitized by Google

[5] *Keech;* that is, a lump or mass of fat rolled up by butchers. The story of Wolsey being the son of a butcher evidently suggested this contemptuous epithet. Skelton the satirist alludes to what he calls Wolsey's 'greasy genealogy,' and says the barons

> 'Dare not look out a-door
> For dread of the mastiff cur,
> For dread that the butcher's dog
> Would worry them like a hog.'

Cavendish, Wolsey's gentleman-usher, describes the cardinal's father as 'an honest poor man.' He had, however, some property, as appears from his will, and from the fact of his having educated his son for the church. The will of the elder Wolsey contains no reference to his trade or occupation.

[6] *Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note.* In the folio this line stands: 'Out of his self-drawing web, *O* gives us note.'

[7] *A gift that heaven gives; for him which buys*
A place next to the king.

This passage appears to have been corrupted. Mr Collier's Old Corrector reads the first line: 'A gift that heaven gives *him, and* which buys.'

[8] *He presses;* in the folio, 'He *papers.*' The meaning is, that Wolsey, without concurrence of the council, by his own letter fetches or presses in any of the gentry on whom he wishes to impose a great charge and little honour. Pope retains *papers,* considering the word to be used as a verb—*he papers down.* Mr Staunton reads *paupers.* We have ventured to substitute *presses,* as nearly resembling the word in the folio, and agreeing with the context.

[9] *Did break i' the rinsing;* in the folio, *wrenching,* which was an old form of the same word.

[10] *Nicholas Hopkins.* The folio has '*Michael* Hopkins,' but Nicholas was his name. Malone supposes that in the manuscript *Nich.* only was set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* or *Michael.*

[11] *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.

Johnson proposed to read in the second line 'puts *out,*' but he could not, he said, please himself with any conjecture. The metaphor is certainly obscure—most likely corrupted.

[12] *There is no primer business.* In the folio, *baseness;* a palpable error, which Warburton corrected.

[13] *A vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.* The name in the folio is 'Nicholas *Henton.*' Hopkins belonged to the convent of Henton, near

Digitized by Google

Bristol, and so might be called Nicholas of Henton. To prevent confusion, the editors generally have substituted Hopkins.

[14] *The duke being at the Rose.* The manor of the Rose; part of the building still remains, a crypt, between Duck's-foot Lane and Merchant Taylors School.

[15] *Short blister'd breeches.* Holbein's pictures and the old prints have made the costumes of this reign familiar. The breeches puffed out like blisters seem to have been part of the Burgundian costume.

[16] *Presence-Chamber in York Place.* Afterwards called *Whitehall.* See Act IV. sc. 2. Skelton, in his satire on Wolsey, refers to this splendid residence of the cardinal:

> 'And York's Place
> With my lord's grace,
> To whose magnificence
> Is all the confluence.'

[17] *Chambers discharged.* Small pieces of ordnance fired on occasions of rejoicing—as royal births and processions. It was by a discharge of chambers, supposed to be in performance of this scene in *Henry VIII.*, that the Globe Theatre was set on fire and destroyed in 1613.

ACT II.

[1] *No black envy shall mark my grave.* In the folio, '*make* my grave.' But Buckingham's grave was already made—his death was fixed. 'Envy' seems here, as elsewhere, to be synonymous with malice or hatred. In this scene the duke calls himself 'poor Edward Bohun.' Shakespeare was misled by Holinshed: Buckingham's name was Stafford. He was son of the Duke of Buckingham sacrificed by Richard III.

> [2] *Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and likely,*
> *As all think, for this business.*

In the folio, 'and *lately*,' which appears to be a misprint.

[3] *If that quarrel, fortune, do divorce,* &c. Hanmer proposed *quarreller;* Collier's Old Corrector, '*cruel* fortune;' and Staunton, '*squirrel* fortune;' the epithet squirrel being not unfrequently applied to women of vicious character. If 'quarrel' was the poet's word, he evidently meant it to be taken for quarreller.

[4] *Cheveril conscience.* A conscience soft and easily stretched, like cheveril or kid-skin leather, of which gloves were made.

[5] *Pluck off a little;* that is, throw off the higher gradations of rank: from a queen or duchess come down to a countess.

[6] *Is it bitter? forty pence, no.* A proverbial expression, as 'I wager forty pence, it is not.'

Digitized by Google

[7] *Hulling in the wild sea of my conscience.* A very striking figurative expression—driven about like a ship dismasted in a storm.

ACT III.

[1] *Palace at Bridewell.* This palace was built by Henry VIII. in 1522, for the reception of Charles V. and suite. Six years afterwards, as Stowe relates, 'Cardinal Campeius was brought to the king's presence, being then at Bridewell, whither he had called all his nobility, judges, and councillors; and there the 8th of November, in his great chamber, he made unto them an oration touching his marriage with Queen Katharine.' The manor or house of Bridewell was given by Edward VI., confirmed by Queen Mary, to the city of London, as a workhouse for the poor and also as a house of correction.

[2] *Wait in the presence;* the presence-chamber.

[3] *Fil'd with my abilities.* The folio has *fil'd.* His endeavours, though short of his desires, had *filed* or kept pace with his abilities.

[4] *Asher House.* Now written *Esher.* It then belonged to Wolsey, who held the see of Winchester *in commendam.* He built a fine gate-house, still partly standing, but the palace itself has been pulled down.

[5] *And dare us with his cap, like larks.* Steevens says, 'It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.'

[6] *The sacring bell.* Fr. *sacrer.* The bell rung before the host in the service of the Romish Church:

> 'Love is perhaps the sacring bell,
> That rings us all in to heaven or hell.'
>
> HEYWOOD'S *Lucrece*, 1614.

[7] *He would aspire to.* In the folio, *we.* Mr Swynfen Jervis suggests the alteration; and as the poet is still speaking of the 'poor man'—not of courtiers generally—the slight change seems justifiable.

[8] *Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal.* This famous declaration is copied from Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey.* 'If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.' The sentiment was common to fallen ministers; and several instances are given in Galt's *Life of Wolsey.* It was used by Samrah, governor of Busorah, when deposed by Maoujyah, the sixth caliph; by Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip II. of Spain; and others. James V. of Scotland, after beheading Sir James Hamilton (on what seem very obscure and insufficient grounds), dreamt one night

Digitized by Google

that he heard Hamilton address him: 'Though I have sinned against God, I failed not to thee; had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God as I was to thee, I had not died that death.'

ACT IV.

[1] *He was a man*
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.

'Stomach' here means pride or haughtiness. Spenser has

'Stern was his look and full of stomach vain.'

The word also signified courage and high spirit. Thus Randolph, the English envoy at the Scottish court, describing Mary Queen of Scots in the course of her Highland journey, says: 'I never saw the queen merrier, never dismayed, nor never thought I that stomach to be in her that I find.' Shakespeare, in drawing the character of Wolsey, had recourse to his usual historical authority, Holinshed: 'This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by crafty suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasures: he forced little on simony, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and say untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning. He would promise much, and perform little; he was vicious of his body, and gave the clergy evil example.'

[2] *Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,*
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising.

Warton has eulogised Wolsey for supporting both in his school at Ipswich (which soon fell a sacrifice to the resentment or avarice of Henry VIII.), and in his foundation of Christ Church College, Oxford, the new mode of instruction, which 'professed to explode the pedantries of the old barbarous philosophy, and to cultivate the graces of polite literature.' In the above passage Shakespeare forgot that Griffith, as contemporary with Wolsey, could not at that time say that Ipswich School *fell* with its founder, or that Christ Church was *still rising*. The poet for the moment forgot dramatic propriety, and followed Holinshed, who says of Wolsey: 'Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vicious of his body, lofty to his enemies were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous, a ripe schoolman, thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flattery, insatiable to

Digitized by Google

get, and more princely in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxford, *the one overthrown with his fall*, the other unfinished.'

[3] *How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,*
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes.

The second of these lines is defective, and Mr Collier's Old Corrector reads *coldness*. In the same scene is another imperfect line:

Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world.

Some word (as *quickly*) had dropped out at the end of the first line.

ACT V.

[1] *Left him at primero;* a favourite game at cards. He that can shew a certain order of cards first wins the game—hence the name.

[2] *In our own natures frail, and culpable*
Of our flesh.

This is the reading of Monck Mason. The folio has *capable*.

[3] *You'd spare your spoons.* The king asks Cranmer to be godfather to the infant princess, prelates being often employed on such occasions, and on his hesitating to accept the honour, Henry replies as in the text. 'It was the custom,' says Steevens, 'long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.'

[4] *Paris Garden.* In the folio, '*Parish* Garden.' Paris Garden, Southwark, was famous for its exhibitions of bear-baiting. A circus was erected for the purpose in the time of Henry VIII., which was afterwards converted into an occasional theatre.

[5] *Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;*
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Mr Collier's Old Corrector supplies a new reading:

'Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* again,
And that I would not for a *crown*, God save her.'

This is *too good* a version, and it is not in keeping with the character.

[6] *The Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.* Johnson

Digitized by Google

thought the 'Tribulation' was some Puritan meeting-house on Tower Hill. The 'limbs of Limehouse' he did not understand. Steevens proposed to read '*lambs* of Limehouse,' as an ironical designation of the turbulent seafaring population of the district. We agree with Mr Staunton in thinking that in both instances the poet meant the 'longshore rabble, the only congenial audience at a playhouse for their 'dear brothers,' the thundering youths who fought for bitten apples.

[7] *In Limbo Patrum*—in confinement. To be in Limbo is still a cant phrase for being in 'durance vile.' The *Limbus Patrum* is the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. Milton has a 'Limbo large and broad,' the Paradise of fools, which he places at 'the backside of the world, far off.'

[8] *Baiting of bombards.* 'To tipple, to lie at the spigot,' says Johnson. The bombard, or bumbard, was a large vessel for holding drink.

[9] *Saba was never more covetous of wisdom.* The old dramatists, and poets generally, wrote the name of Solomon's guest Saba, not Sheba.

[10] The lines within brackets are those supposed to have been added by Ben Jonson when the play was produced in 1613, and the Globe Theatre took fire during the performance. The Prologue and Epilogue appear, as we have said in the Introduction, to be by Jonson, and the minute stage directions throughout the play are like those in Jonson's *Masques.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google